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The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 17, 1903.

The Week.

While Postmaster-General Payne is explaining the removal of Miss Todd, President Roosevelt deals him a most unexpected blow by referring the Tulloch charges to Messrs. Bonaparte and Conrad, his special investigators, for a decision as to their correctness. Mr. Roosevelt is really very unkind; did not the Postmaster-General say months ago that the Tulloch charges were merely "hot air"? And did he not "dispose of them" at least six times, each time admitting that there was more truth in them than he previously conceded, while declining to apologize for his abuse of Mr. Tulloch? Things have, indeed, come to a pretty pass when the President declines to take the word of a Cabinet officer, particularly when he is such an authority on wind and air. And then there are Charles Emory Smith and Perry S. Heath, both most estimable gentlemen. Does not the President remember their indignation at Mr. Tulloch's audacity, and the character of their explanations? Really, this campaign against poor Mr. Payne is going too far. Here are the *Press* and *Tribune*, the leading Republican papers of this city, abusing him in the most outspoken language. What base ingratitude for his past services to the party and his readiness to turn States over to Senators!

The appointment of Charles J. Bonaparte of Baltimore to act as Government investigator of affairs in the Indian Territory will be warmly received on all sides. Mr. Bonaparte not only is a man of national prominence, but is a member of the Indian Rights Association, which recently preferred the charges against Government officials. It is, therefore, as if Secretary Hitchcock had gone to the critics and said, "I will name one of you to tell me the facts as to your own assertions." The Indian Rights Association can in no way take exception to such treatment, while the Indians themselves are to be congratulated upon the certainty of a just hearing which Mr. Bonaparte's appointment insures. The practice of calling upon some outsider of prominence to investigate irregularities for the Government is steadily growing. In Indian affairs the special examiner unconnected with any bureau or department is almost a familiar figure. Mr. Bonaparte himself has been probing into the postal scandals for the President. We might even see in the future the permanent appointment of such a man as travelling investigator, were it not that the value of these special investigators lies in the fact that they are fresh from their own professions, and free from the bias of office-holding.

The Pension Commissioner's annual report bids fair to be as melancholy reading as usual, if one may judge from the abstracts printed last week. Mr. Ware has brought out the pension iniquity more clearly than ever by showing that the Government has paid out $2,942,178,145 in the past thirty-eight years, of which five and one-half millions have already gone to "heroes" of our war with Spain. We must be thankful, as Mr. Ware doubtless is, that more than 200,000 claims were rejected last year, particularly as there were 226,002 new applications for Government aid. No less than 11,970 of these applications were from warriors of 1898 and 1899. Of these veterans 12,862 already have secured places on the pension roll in return for their patriotism—as many, doubtless, as were actually under fire at Santiago. Commissioner Ware makes two excellent suggestions for new laws—one that men convicted of infamous crimes shall be ineligible to receive a pension, and must forfeit it if they have one; he would also deny aid to women who married pensioners after they were receiving Government money. Both of these recommendations should have been on the statute-books fifty years ago. Mr. Ware also urges a new system of examining applicants for pensions, to be placed under the civil-service rules, which we applaud the more heartily since Mr. Ware has seemed on one or two occasions to drift away from a strict merit system in the administration of his office.

If, as is alleged in the Washington dispatches, the Secretary of the Treasury were to adopt a formal policy of "punishing" banks which reduce their note circulation, we should have a rather odd chapter in political economy opened. This country, having been a fruitful field for all sorts of monetary experiments, has tried at least half a dozen expedients for currency maintenance or expansion; but currency obtained by threats would, we believe, be a new contribution to the record. So far as we are aware, there are two motives for the recent retirement of circulating notes by national banks. One is the rise in price of Government bonds deposited as collateral on the issues; the other, extension by the Treasury of deposits of public moneys in the banks—deposits which have to be secured, unless under special dispensation, by these same Government bonds. The rise in price of "governments" invites the banks to sell them and get the profit; the offer of public funds invites them to transfer United States bonds from collateral against circulation to collateral against deposits. The odd part of this whole movement to retire the bonds on which circulation is now based is that the motives inducing it arise directly from the Treasury's own action. Not only does the extension of public deposits itself invite transfer of collateral from note circulation, but it also raises the price of Government bonds because of the demand created by banks which buy them to pledge against such deposits. The whole movement is a vicious circle; yet we do not see how the banks are to be blamed.

Senator Hoar, speaking at Salem, Mass., resuscitated the moribund Iowa idea, with a difference, however, for the originators of the idea have not committed themselves to times and seasons, whereas Senator Hoar is convinced that there is one, and only one, time to revise a tariff—namely, the year after a Republican President has been elected. In comparison with most Republican utterances on tariff revision, Senator Hoar's is refreshingly definite. It is, for example, better than the usual offer to reduce the schedules "when that will not cause uncertainty." Now the senior Senator from Massachusetts takes the robust view, and declares that this disqualifying "uncertainty" is removed every time a Republican President is elected. It is an admission for tariff reformers to cherish; for in all human probability "uncertainty" will thus be dissipated after the next Presidential election. At that time we shall not fail to remind Senator Hoar that the hour and the bridegroom have come. It should then be his especial care, since he alone knows tariff times and seasons, to wake the sleepers, brush the dust from the reciprocity treaties, and burnish the lamp of "reform of the tariff by its friends."

The St. Paul *Pioneer Press* affirms that Minnesota and the Northwest generally "are to-day almost unanimously in favor of tariff revision," and that the only way they can be held in line—that is, kept in the Republican column—is by the ratification of the Kasson reciprocity treaty and the offer of reciprocity to Canada. The latter step is the one which Minnesota particularly desires. She sees in her Northern neighbor a market for merchandise exports and for grain and lumber imports, both of which are now closed by an artificial barrier called the Dingley tariff. If this barrier were thrown down, both countries would be better off, but how shall the change be brought about, how shall the

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Chinese wall be levelled? There are two ways. We can resume the sittings of the Joint Commission, which came to an end in 1899, and see if we can agree on a treaty. Failing that, we can repeal our own duties on grain and lumber. That will accomplish one-half of the end in view. Our purchases will be free, although our sales will still be handicapped. As it is now, we deprive American millers of a grist lying in their own vicinity, and American railways of a valuable freight, and American laborers of the wages they might earn by handling the crops of Manitoba. The only persons who gain by our tariff on wheat are the millers, railways, steamships, and wageworkers for foreign countries. We are glad to know that the people of Minnesota are becoming alive to the opportunities for trade with Canada which they might have enjoyed any time during the past quarter of a century if they had firmly demanded it.

Dispatches from Chicago affirm that an attempt will be made at Kansas City next week to oust Mr. Buchanan from the Presidency of the International Association of Structural Ironworkers, and put Sam Parks in his place. The difficulty of keeping Parks out of prison during the next two or three years seems to have presented itself to some of his admirers in Chicago, for later dispatches say that the Kansas City Convention will merely overrule Buchanan, and restore to the New York union (Local No. 2) the charter which Buchanan cancelled. Mr. R. G. Wall, who holds in Chicago the same relative position that Parks holds here, is quoted as saying that "Local No. 2 has not been guilty of any conduct contrary to the rules of their organization." This means that violating a written contract is not contrary to the rules of the organization. It means, also, that if Parks and Wall can have their way, the International Society will hereafter be based upon the principle of violating contracts at their own pleasure. Such is in fact the basis of the typographical union, as shown in the Spokane case. The disease is catching, but it cannot continue long without destroying the organizations attacked by it. Loyalty to the union cannot supersede for any considerable time allegiance to truth, fidelity, legality, and self-respect. There will always be a sufficient number of believers in common honesty to disrupt any organization based upon the denial of it. The Kansas City Convention next Monday can elect Sam Parks its President, or it can rescind Mr. Buchanan's action, but if it does either of these things, it will cut its own throat, as Local No. 2 has already done.

"An initiation fee" is the latest euphemism for blood-money. Sam Parks has been indicted again—the fifth time—for extortion. In December, the men on three large buildings on which the Tiffany Studios was doing work struck without warning. Their only reply to questions was, "See Sam Parks." Parks was an expensive person to see; indeed, he was the costliest thing on exhibition in this city last winter. He charged the Tiffany Studios $500, and when asked what the money was for, he answered, "It is in the nature of an initiation fee." The statement was exact so far as it went; the $500 certainly initiated the Tiffany Studios into the mystery of Sam Parks and his union. The encouraging thing about the present situation is that so many contractors are now coming forward to confess that they paid an exorbitant price for their knowledge; and that the accumulated experience and energy of the neophytes promises to terminate the public career of Parks.

When the Sunday sessions of the Central Federated Union of this city are chiefly given up to disciplining its constituent unions, one cannot fail to perceive that its authority is correspondingly waning. On the 13th instant, for example, it suspended the Blacksmiths' Union for promising an employers' association not to call sympathetic strikes. On this occasion the Central Federated Union propounded a very illuminating definition of the sympathetic strike, namely: when a union strikes to support another union's fight with capital, that is not in any obnoxious sense a sympathetic strike; but when a union strikes to support another union against a rival, that is a sympathetic strike, and illegal. In other words, as against capital all's fair in war; as between unions, a fair fight and no favors. The blacksmiths, who have been willing to fight fair in both cases, will, we imagine, lose little sleep over their suspension. Indeed, the Central Federated Union took occasion to emphasize its inanity on Sunday by memorializing the Hon. Jacob A. Cantor as the friend of labor, and by regretting his threatened withdrawal from the sphere of reform politics. That action pretty effectively prevents the remaining business of the meeting from being taken seriously.

More than two months have elapsed since the new law against the importation of adulterated food went into effect, and the first detention of a shipment of foreign product on this account was made only a fortnight ago. No one, of course, will construe this as meaning that there never was any danger of deleterious substances in imported foods and wines. Doubtless the same acuteness which led the Europeans to make truffles out of bits of silk and snails out of cattle's lungs deterred them from sending these delicacies to us when their detection became likely. Yet the almost daily reports of health officers in one State or another show how much greater is the need for a general pure food law at home. The articles for the table which we import are for the most part luxuries and in many cases beyond the reach of the average family. The impure products which we produce at home, on the other hand, are staple articles, and, whether actually harmful or not, defraud those least able to stand extra expense. Dairy and Food Commissioner Warren of Pennsylvania, for example, has just ordered thirty-six additional prosecutions against food and liquor dealers. Ice cream bought in a Philadelphia park contained boric acid. Strawberry preserves contained some strawberry seeds, but were composed mainly of coal tar dyes, starch, and glucose. Eight samples of sausage and Hamburg steak were well loaded with preservatives and aniline dyes. A quince jelly made in Baltimore was found to be compounded of glucose, starch, and pear juice. It is in just such a case that a national food law would be useful. As it is, if Maryland fails to suppress such products at the factory, their export goes on unchecked, and it is a hopeless task for the neighboring States to attempt stopping the sales at the retail grocery store.

As was expected, the Fusion Conference last week once more selected Seth Low to lead in the fight for good government in this city. Its action is, of course, not binding upon the bodies whose delegates made up the Conference, but probably foreshadows their ultimate decision. The Mayor can enter upon his third campaign with a good conscience. Every day the real significance of his Administration and the remarkable character of the work done by him and his heads of departments have become clearer and clearer. That the Mayor has erred or been deceived in some of his selections for office has been from time to time pointed out by friendly critics. But he has steadily grown stronger and more sure of himself; of better courage and with cleared perceptions of the people's needs and rights. He never appeared to better advantage than in the letters before the Conference. He was perfectly willing that Mr. Russell, one of his own Commissioners of Accounts, should oppose his nomination. As for the Conference, Mr. Low made it plain that it was free to act without the slightest reference to his own feelings. He subordinated himself to the cause, and announced his readiness to step aside, in language so manly and fitting as to call for especial commendation, as does his plea for the renomination of Mr. Grout and Mr. Fornes. His refusal to take seriously the charges of Mr. Rid-

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der and his henchmen that he has been conspiring with President Roosevelt and Gov. Odell to run the city government in the interest of the Republican party, must make them feel exceedingly small.

Mr. Jerome's hostile attitude towards the renomination of Mayor Low is regrettable. So far as can be gathered, he is opposed to the Mayor's candidacy, not because he has any vital criticism to make of the Administration, but because he thinks that Mr. Low cannot win at the polls. In this he shares the views of Mr. Russell, the Commissioner of Accounts, and is directly opposed to Mr. R. Fulton Cutting's judgment, while his cue has been eagerly followed by the *Staats-Zeitung*, which now declares that it will oppose the return to power of Tammany Hall. No one of those who would see another candidate at the head of the Fusion forces, has any name to suggest. We do not believe that Mr. Jerome himself could point out any one, Democrat or Independent or Republican, whose reputation is so great or whose personality is so attractive as to give promise of a better run than Mr. Low would make. Were such a man in sight, it would have been the duty of the Fusion Conference to select him, precisely as Mayor Low suggested. Under existing circumstances Mr. Jerome and those who feel like him are imperilling the great cause by insisting on their personal predilections when they should be aiding it by presenting a united front to the common enemy.

The Beirut business is simmering down to its essentially insignificant proportions. At the joint request of France and the United States an efficient Vali has superseded a weak one. This has been effected, or rather expedited, by the presence of two United States cruisers in the harbor. It has not yet appeared that foreign Christians were in peril before the cruisers arrived, and the single riot of any importance took place only after their coming. So far as obtaining satisfaction for the attempt on our Vice-Consul's life was concerned, the presence of the cruisers in Turkish waters would have been sufficient, without sending them to Beirut. Mr. Roosevelt has had the satisfaction of making a somewhat sensational and apparently gratuitous display of force. In a sense, all's well that ends well, but the sober judgment of the people will hardly bear out the President in his hasty recourse to the high hand at a time when the Near Eastern question is critical. Apparently, the Christian community at Beirut was in none but the chronic uneasiness, and the time was ill-chosen to press old claims or collect old debts. The whole affair is an unwelcome illustration of that hot-headedness in all foreign negotiations which the President showed so signally during the recent Mantchurian pourparlers.

Mr. Chamberlain was undoubtedly prepared for hard knocks when he launched his fiscal scheme; its rejection by the Trades Union Congress at Leicester is a staggerer even beyond his anticipation. Only two of the union delegates were found to vote for the dear loaf and Imperial reciprocity. "Mischievous and dangerous" were the words of the resolution of condemnation. The incident suggests that when Mr. Chamberlain said that he was prepared to enter every cottage in England to prove that the corn tax would not increase the cost of living, he was rather describing the necessities of his campaign than using a figure of speech. Obviously, under trade-unionist roof-trees his work is all to do. Of course, the Leicester Congress was in favor of Government old-age pensions, and Mr. Chamberlain may get some sorry crumb of comfort out of labor's acquiescence in the spending part of his plan. The only consolation he gets for the free-trade resolutions of the Congress is the determination of the trade unionists to support a distinct Parliamentary labor party. Such action would reduce the Liberal strength, and may or may not run with Mr. Chamberlain's ultimate ambitions. Meanwhile the sturdy rejection of his protection nostrum by the people who have been reading his Birmingham circulars shows that the real progress of the preferential campaign has borne no relation to the noise with which it has been conducted. After this signal repudiation by organized labor, Mr. Chamberlain will surely see fit to cut his project down to an inoffensive minimum. And here, be it said, there is more peril than in the larger and more vulnerable scheme.

The inefficiency of the British universities and the illiberality of the British public towards institutions of learning were Sir Norman Lockyer's text in an address delivered last week before the British Association for the Advancement of Science. The speaker contrasted the number of richly endowed or State-supported universities of Germany and the United States with the handful of English colleges which languish without either private benefactions or Government aid. So serious seemed the emergency to the speaker that he advocated a Government fund for increasing the "brain power" of the nation, and suggested the immediate appropriation of £24,000,000—the amount of the naval budget for 1889-90—for new buildings and equipment for existing institutions. Such a suggestion would hardly get a hearing in Parliament, but the fact that it is made in all seriousness by a noted scientist reinforces the familiar criticism that in educational matters, and especially in technical instruction, England is many years behind the times. Of course, there is little likelihood that during Capt. Mahan's lifetime England will be willing to strike a budgetary equilibrium between "sea power" and "brain power," but it is possible that the Government may be forced into supporting at least one central school. For we are inclined, with Sir Norman Lockyer, to doubt if the American invasion is complete enough to have inculcated the American habit of lavish giving for educational purchases.

Diplomacy must evidently learn to distinguish a simple evacuation from an evacuation *à la Russe*. And the latter kind will bear examination. On October 8 next, Russia, in fulfilment of treaty obligations, is to evacuate Southern Mantchuria, making only the following conditions: Russia is to retain control of the military telegraph line—this probably authorizes the retention of the present military garrison; China shall not alienate, except to Russia, any of the restored territory. To this Russian Monroe Doctrine we may hardly object—in fact, we are at least nominally the gainers by the Russian stipulations, for when these go into effect we gain free entry at Mukden and Ta-tung-Kao. To be sure, Mukden is a river port remote from the Gulf of Liao-tung, and Ta-tung-Kao, on the Yalu estuary, is a fourth-rate haven at best and closed many months by the ice—but the granting of the two ports is a valuable strategic gain. When once the retiring Russian has thus yielded to the principle of the "open door," Secretary Hay will know how to ask for better ports, and should get them. Probably a Mantchurian traveller who should view the country before and after evacuation would be inclined to fall back upon the well-known proverb, "The more it changes, the more it's the same thing."

Whether the Agrarian element in the Prussian Landtag will again oppose successfully Emperor William's plan for a great interior waterway connecting the Rhine, the Weser, and the Elbe, at an expense of at least $60,000,000, remains to be seen. The Prussian Cabinet has determined to present the scheme once more. The opposition appears to be based upon the same arguments as those used by the enemies of the Erie, Oswego, and Champlain Canals in this State. The Prussian farmers are afraid that the canal will cost too must and will not benefit them when it is completed. The Government formerly acceded to this view to the extent of offering large tariff concessions to the Agrarian interests in return for the sanction of the canal project. The concessions were accepted, but the favorable vote was not forthcoming. The plan persists, however, and may meet better fortune.

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TREASURY AND DEPOSIT BANKS.

Secretary Shaw's recent announcement that he would place two and a half millions of the Treasury surplus with the St. Louis banks, on collateral of high-grade securities double the value of the money deposited, attracts notice less from the nature of the step itself than from its possible serving as a precedent. Even in the latter aspect, it is more likely to excite curious conjecture than angry criticism. The case is this: St. Louis banks have advanced five or six million dollars to the projectors of next year's Exposition at that city. Since St. Louis is also one of the Western "reserve centres" from which small banks of the harvest States draw currency when the crops are moved, a double drain on the resources of the institutions was impending, which, in the prevalent scarcity of money, might be somewhat awkward. The Treasury, under the Secretary's recent interpretation of the statutes, is at liberty to transfer from Washington to depository banks money already collected through internal taxes. It has a considerable surplus of this sort. Therefore, it is proposed to select certain St. Louis banks as depositories, and to place Government money in their hands on the terms described. If the public surplus is to be located arbitrarily, such a disposition of it would appear to have something in its favor. It will probably be regarded by many people as no great stretch of authority beyond that assumed by the Secretary, for instance, on the frequent occasions when a serious money stringency at New York has been met by increasing public deposits with the banks of this city.

The novelty of Mr. Shaw's action arises more from the Secretary's assertion of his right to transfer money from the Treasury to the banks than from the fact that the Secretary selects the point where the money shall be placed. The theory hitherto adopted by Treasury administrators, when they increased public deposits in the banks, was that the Government was drawing to itself, through a redundant revenue, the circulating medium which the money market needed. To avert what might be an unpleasant outcome of this process, checks received in payment of internal revenue were collected by the banks. These institutions, after providing collateral of Government bonds, were allowed to retain the money, crediting the Government with so much in a deposit account, and then, by loaning the money out again, were able to keep it in circulation.

Now it was possible, theoretically at least, that this device might be so employed as to place in bank all the internal-revenue receipts, leaving the Treasury itself to collect nothing but the customs. Even so, however, the process would have been gradual; the banks would have been drawn upon for public expenditures, as the Exchequer draws on the Bank of England; and, in the main, the surplus money taken in taxes from a given market would have been left at the service of that market through the banks connected with it. The general circulation would not be changed. Thus analyzed, it will be seen that the practice hitherto adopted was something very different from the arrangement now proposed. These new deposits, and all which are made on a similar plan, will not necessarily be gradual; the money lies in the Treasury to-day, and may be moved to-day wherever the Secretary orders. This is quite true of the two and a half millions to be placed by the Treasury at St. Louis; hence that is not a case where the draining of a market through excessive taxes is averted. Nor is it, apparently, contemplated that the money deposited shall be utilized at will by the Treasury through drafts on the St. Louis banks against current expenditure. That it will, in due time, be "gradually recalled," the Secretary's announcement stipulates; but the real nature of the operation is pretty well indicated by the Secretary's further language, which describes it, not as a deposit of public funds, but as a "temporary loan."

In other words, we appear to have been brought to a situation where the entire surplus of the Treasury is in theory at a Secretary's disposal, to lend to such national banks as he chooses, and, inferentially, to withhold from such as he may choose. No interest is charged. but perfectly safe collateral is required. Not much discernment is needed to see that this is an unusual situation, which should be considered with caution. We have said that the use made by Secretary Shaw of his asserted powers in the case of the St. Louis banks, has arguments in its favor. We do not doubt that Mr. Shaw would, in his further use of the same power, do his best to serve public interests justly and impartially. He may, in fact, never assume the same arbitrary power again, except where the money is offered on equal terms to all national banks. But the power has been assumed and the precedent created; and, in our judgment, the power is one which no state is likely to grant deliberately to its finance ministers, and the precedent is one which might, under conceivable circumstances, be grossly abused. It is not at all difficult to picture the use which a crafty politician, in the Treasury on the eve of a campaign, might make of it. If such control over public funds, habitually exerted, did nothing else, it would infallibly revive the suspicions and accusations which surrounded the similar use of the Treasury's surplus moneys throughout the political struggles of the thirties.

The moral is, we should say, that no time ought to be lost in providing clearly and unmistakably, by statute, how and on what conditions, open to all national banks alike, the public surplus may be placed with depository institutions. The existing status has always been dangerous financially; but the Secretary's latest moves have made it dangerous politically. It would not be possible to carry very far the plan of removing blocks of money from the Treasury and lending it to a designated group of banks, without giving ample material for campaign literature for the Opposition. Nor would it help matters, in this respect, that the loan is made without interest, and in face of the fact that the representative body of New York financiers last winter advised that if the system of depositing national surplus should be enlarged, the Treasury should fix a charge for the use of it.

THE TYPO'S OATH.

The great International Typographical Union has been brought freshly before the bar of public opinion by an incident occurring at Beloit, Wisconsin. A Roman Catholic priest at that place has refused absolution to a printer because he had taken an oath which made his duties to the union superior to those which he owed to the Church and the Government. The oath to which members of the Typographical Union subscribe contains, among other pledges, an affirmation that "my fidelity to the union and my duties to the members thereof shall, in no sense, be interfered with by any allegiance that I may now or hereafter owe to any other organization, social, political, or religious, secret or otherwise."

The issue made by the Beloit priest has stirred both religious and labor circles, and seems likely to precipitate a crisis in the affairs of the International Typographical Union. It could hardly do otherwise, for if we are to give a literal interpretation to the words of the oath, it makes the allegiance of the members to their own organization superior to that which they owe to the Government of the United States as well as to the Catholic or any other church. That the drift of unionism is in that direction has been shown lately by the attempt of unions to expel members who serve in the militia, and also by the pretension of the Bookbinders' Union at Washington City that they can force President Roosevelt to discharge Foreman Miller from the Government employ because he has been expelled from that union. This attempt is still persisted in, and it has received the endorsement of the Central Federated Union at Washington City. The issue raised by the Beloit priest gives a new significance to the Miller case, for at bottom they rest upon the same foundation. Miller's discharge is asked because the rules of the union are superior, in the

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eyes of its members, to the civil-service laws of the United States. That is the real issue, and it cannot be obscured by going back twenty years and finding that Miller's marriage at that time was irregular.

The position of the Roman Catholic Church on questions of this kind has never been doubtful. It has been at war with the Masonic order and all other secret societies from time immemorial, because those orders either claim an allegiance superior to the Church, or so conceal the terms of it as to make it doubtful which is the superior. The newspapers contain interviews with a number of prelates approving of the action of the Beloit priest. Bishop Scannell of Omaha says that no man can be a good member of the Roman Catholic Church who adheres to the typographical obligation, since the keeping of it would render all government, ecclesiastical or civil, impossible, and render null and void all courts of law. The clergyman temporarily in charge of the archbishopric of Milwaukee, to which the Beloit priest is attached, approves of the action of the latter. On the other hand, Mr. Jerome F. Healy, Secretary of Typographical Union No. 6 of this city, says in a published interview that he knows of nothing in the obligations of members of the union which would interfere with their duty to their churches. In other words, he thinks that the oath should be interpreted not strictly in accordance with its terms, but in a kind of Pickwickian sense. Recent events in another quarter have shown a tendency on the part of this union to take a broad view of its duties, and not to "stick in the bark" when its members are reminded of their legal obligations. The case of their broken contract with the *Spokesman-Review* newspaper of Spokane, Wash., is still unsettled, we believe.

The Roman Catholic Church refuses to take the terms of the typo's oath in a Pickwickian sense. How ought the public to look at it? In the interpretation of any instrument it must be assumed that the makers of it meant exactly what they said, and that the subscribers to it were in like manner intelligent and serious when they gave their pledge of obedience and fidelity. They promise that their duty to the union shall not be interfered with by any "allegiance" owed to any other "organization," social, political, or religious. The word allegiance means, first of all, duty to one's government, and it must have been used in this sense by the framers of the typo's oath. So the oath means that those who take it will not allow their duties to the municipality, the State, or the nation to interfere with their duties to the Typographical Union. This was the position taken by the Schenectady unions when they expelled the militia member for obeying the orders of his superior officer. It is the position taken by the Bookbinders' Union at Washington when they demanded the discharge of Foreman Miller. Before public opinion can sanction such a pretension it must first trample the love of country under foot, abandon government by the ballot-box, and substitute in its place government by walking delegates.

THE CASE OF MISS TODD.

The Sunday newspapers contained a statement, given out by Postmaster-General Payne, of his reasons for removing Miss Todd from the office of postmaster of Greenwood, Delaware. It begins by affirming that there is no law, rule, or regulation forbidding the removal of a fourth-class postmaster at any time, except an informal rule, adopted during the Administration of President McKinley, that an arbitrary removal should not be made until the incumbent had served four years. When Mr. Payne himself became the head of the Department, he says that he endeavored to prevent the removal of such postmasters even after they had served four years, but that "there was never such a rule formally adopted." The question arises here, What is a formal rule? Any public statement setting forth the principles by which a department is to be conducted falls under this definition. The "endeavor" which Mr. Payne says he made when he came into office, was couched in the following words, bearing date of February 14, 1902:

> "The policy of the Administration is not to make removals of fourth-class postmasters without cause. The removal of an officer is a proposition entirely different from the naming of a successor at the expiration of a postmaster's commission. It is therefore desired that removals be not made except for some good reason which affects the service, or at the request of a Senator or Representative endorsing the petition for such a change made by patrons of the office in question. In some sections of the country, notably in the South, not represented by Republican Representatives in Congress, these demands for changes in fourth-class post-offices are made, not for the good of the service, nor for any proper purpose, but to subserve the interests of rival factions."

Whether this rule be classed as formal or informal, the only reasons admissible under it for making removals are those which "affect the service," or the fact that a petition for a change has been made by patrons of the office, and supported in writing by a Senator or Representative.

How to bring Miss Todd's case within the terms of his own rule has evidently taxed Mr. Payne's ingenuity. In his statement to Miss Todd herself, in the presence of Senator Ball, he said that he had removed her because she was "particularly and personally obnoxious to Senator Allee." Upon this ground Mr. Payne rested his case for one week and until President Roosevelt called for a report upon it. It was not affirmed that Miss Todd had failed in any particular in discharging the duties of her office. There was no hint of a petition for a change from the patrons of the post-office. For seven days Mr. Payne's justification rested on the personal representation of Senator Allee that Miss Todd was particularly and personally obnoxious to him. Now, however, he has shifted his ground and advanced a charge that Miss Todd allowed her office to be made the headquarters of a political party, or a faction of a political party, and that she and her family were "the most active factors in a factional quarrel inside the Republican party."

That this charge has been trumped up since Miss Todd was removed is manifest, but even if it were true, it would not come within the rule which Mr. Payne prescribed for his own conduct. If Miss Todd allowed her office to be used as headquarters for a political faction working against another faction inside of the Republican party, and if she was an active member thereof, those facts should have been signified by a petition from patrons of the office, endorsed by a Senator. Then there would have been a basis for action under the rule applicable to such cases. It would naturally have occurred to a fair-minded person having the decision of the case, to acquaint Miss Todd with the charge against her and hear her defence, if she had any. A country post-office is usually too small an apartment for political meetings, and the postmaster is usually too busy sorting and delivering the mail to listen to the chatter of people waiting for their letters on the other side of the boxes. If some of these persons are talking politics they have a right to do so, and there is no way for the postmaster to prevent them. The country post-office is usually the headquarters of the social, religious, and business gossip, as well as political gossip, of the town, and he would be a bold and unpopular postmaster who should seek to set limits to it.

But, it is said, Miss Todd and her family were the most active factors in a factional quarrel inside the Republican party. Miss Todd is not a voter, and the Delaware newspapers say that she has never meddled with politics. Very likely she has her opinions of J. Edward Addicks and his henchman, Senator Allee—he would not be the reputable member of society that she is if she were indifferent to the debauchery which Addicks has introduced into the politics of the State; but no evidence of her activity in politics had been presented or even thought of before now. What her relatives may have done is perfectly immaterial. She has no family of her own and she cannot be held responsible for the others. The fact that they are introduced in Mr. Payne's statement shows that he has no good case against herself.

Finally, Mr. Payne falls back on his oft-repeated assumption that he must treat all Senators alike, and that Sen-

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ator Allee stands on the same footing as Senator Hoar. So he does if we allow that there is no difference between right and wrong.

THE M'CLELLAND APPOINTMENT.

The facts surrounding President Roosevelt's offer to appoint Senator Charles P. McClelland a member of the Board of General Appraisers are now fairly established. The offer was made a couple of months ago, considered by Mr. McClelland, and, in spite of many protests, finally accepted. This involves his retirement from the State Senate a year before the expiration of his term, but, so far as we are aware, he has not yet sent his resignation to the Governor. Neither has he been formally appointed. The offer never should have been made. Having been suggested by the President, it ought to have been indignantly declined by Senator McClelland unless he is willing to became the pawn of his own party's enemies in a political game. Moreover, we hold that, although the steps preliminary to the appointment have been taken, it never ought to be carried out. Mr. McClelland is still free to withdraw his acceptance, and President Roosevelt still has time to save himself from the charge of assisting in a new "rape of the Senate." If Mr. Roosevelt wants precedent for it, he need go no further than the history of his own State Administration, in the case of the unspeakable Plimley, who was far nearer appointment than McClelland, but who is still reposing in the grateful obscurity of private life.

Briefly stated, the appointment of McClelland is the crucial part of a scheme to hand back the control of the State Senate to Platt. We are prepared to hear that the President is innocent of any such design. We do not know whether he is or not. It is not for us to say what his motives are; we deal only with his acts. And in this case his act is the first of a series, carefully planned, which will reëstablish Platt's domination at Albany, unless the scheme breaks down somewhere. Platt's control of the Assembly was as strong as ever last year. In all human probability it will be unshaken this winter. The holdover Senate, however, consists of twenty-eight Republicans and twenty-two Democrats. Three of the Republicans, Senators Elsberg, Brackett, and Brown, have taken their stand irrevocably against Platt. They refused to vote for his candidate for floor leader. They supported Elihu Root instead of Platt for United States Senator. In short, from the moment the session began they declined to "take orders" from the Boss, and until final adjournment exercised their own individual judgment upon each legislative problem as it presented itself.

Platt domination was impossible under these circumstances. Small schemes which he and his henchmen were accustomed to slip quietly through the Legislature on the plea that "the Old Man wants it," could no longer be whispered to passage. As they could not be defended openly, they all failed. The situation was bitterly annoying to Platt and to all accustomed to employ his intimates as legislative brokers. It resulted in some scandal, too, since "dealing with individuals," as the dispatches described the new process of securing legislation of a well understood kind, occasioned inevitable talk in the newspapers and elsewhere. But when the Legislature adjourned and the enacted statutes were examined, it was found that one year's emancipation from slavery to Platt had resulted in vast benefit to the State. "Jamming through" had been impossible. Not a single bad bill against which public opinion had expressed itself clearly, found its way into the session laws of 1903.

Seeking escape from these baffling conditions, Platt chose as his aids Roosevelt and McClelland. McClelland, a Democrat, had been elected Senator by a narrow plurality in a district which went Republican in 1900 by more than 3,000. Circumstances surrounding the defeat of the Republican candidate led to the belief that it would not be repeated if a special election could be held in 1903. How to get McClelland out then became the problem. Col Jewell, one of the Democratic members of the Board of General Appraisers, had just retired. The law required that he be succeeded by a Democrat. The place is one of great responsibility, is practically a life position, and the salary is ample. As a ready excuse for the President there was the fact that McClelland was once a Deputy Collector of the Port, and that as an attorney his practice had been largely around the Custom House and before the Appraisers' Board. The fly was cast temptingly in the Senator's direction, and he rose to it with eagerness.

The Constitution of New York has done all in its power to prevent scandals like this within the State. No member of the Legislature can be lured from the performance of the duties intrusted to him by means of any appointment within the gift of the State or any of its municipal divisions, for such appointments are prohibited. Correlatively, State and local offices cannot be used for the purpose of juggling with the Legislature. But the State has no power in its fundamental law or statutes to protect itself if the Federal Executive chooses to engage in this sort of manipulation. Public opinion has done what it could to erect a barrier, but the State must still chiefly depend for safety from attacks of this sort upon the faithfulness of the legislator and the conscience of the Federal appointing power. If both fail, the State is helpless, but an outraged public will sooner or later have its reckoning.

THE SITUATION ON THE ISTHMUS.

Dispatches from Bogota inform us that the Committee of the Colombian Senate having charge of the Isthmian Canal question have reported a project for a new treaty with the United States whose leading features are these:

"First—The United States to pay to Colombia $20,000,000 outright for the privileges specified in the Hay-Herran treaty, with the exception that Colombia shall retain absolute sovereignty over the canal zone, including the administration of the law.

"Second—The United States to pay to Colombia an annuity of $400,000, to be increased 25 per cent. at the end of each century.

"Third—The new Panama Canal Company to pay to Colombia $10,000,000 for the privilege of selling its concession to a foreign Power, this privilege not having been granted thus far by Colombia.

"Fourth—The reversion of the Panama Railroad to Colombia."

It is a safe prediction that none of these terms will be conceded by the United States. They will be refused by the Executive branch of our Government. They are so far beyond the limits of reason that they could not command 10 per cent. of the votes of either branch of Congress. But the inevitable question recurs, "What next?" Shall we take up the Nicaraguan route, or wait awhile, and see what consequences follow this dashing of hopes on the isthmus itself?

It has been shown that if a revolution should break out in Panama, it would be almost certain to interrupt the operation of the transit railway, and that it would then be a duty as well as a public necessity for us to land a force sufficient to restore order. We are authorized by treaty to do so. We are accustomed to take such action when war or rioting occurs there. We have exercised this right, or rather have performed this duty, once within the past twelvemonth. After restoring order it would be incumbent on us to restore the territory to the Chief Executive of Colombia, who happens to be the man who signed the treaty which the Colombian Senate rejected. What he would do next we need not anticipate. If he should deem the building of the interoceanic canal his chief duty and the greatest interest of his own country, he would probably find means, with the backing of the French Company and the moral support of the United States, to bring about that result. It is a trenchant fact also that we shall be released, on the 22d of September, from the payment of the $10,000,000 bonus if the treaty is not ratified meanwhile. The money will be in the Treasury of the United States subject to the disposal of Congress. It will be available as a payment to Panama if a new government should be established there, and it would go far to strengthen such a government.

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But, however much we may desire to forward the work of opening water communication between the oceans, we can neither incite a revolution on the isthmus nor take part in it. Nor can we do less than execute our own neutrality law if armed expeditions should be fitted out on our shores for the purpose of aiding such a revolt. Important as the canal enterprise is, the moral standing of the nation is still more so. We must use only lawful means and we must bide our time. Probably the sellers of the canal will provide all the disturbance that is needed on the isthmus. They have sufficient provocation in the new demand formulated at Bogota that they shall pay $10,000,000 for the privilege of selling their property to us. This demand, calling for one-fourth of the purchase money, is little better than blackmail. We are very sure that it would not be allowed, even if we should consent to the fresh demands upon our treasury. It will, however, be strongly resented at Paris, and will doubtless prompt the company to appeal to the local authorities at Colon and Panama to take steps to protect them against such ruinous extortion.

The advocates of the Nicaragua route are insisting that President Roosevelt shall proceed immediately after the expiration of the time for ratification of the treaty to negotiate with Nicaragua and Costa Rica. The Memphis *Commercial-Appeal*, for example, makes the demand that he take this step without waiting for future action of Congress. That discerning sheet has strong suspicions of the motives of those who think that it would be advisable to wait a few weeks and see what view Congress may take of the new and unexpected situation. It has no doubt that this suggestion of delay "is born of a desire to obstruct the project," meaning the project of any canal. It hints at a mysterious influence, doubtless the Pacific railroads, controlling and directing the opposition to the Nicaraguan route. This is not worth notice, but it is safe to say that Congress will never find fault with a President who waits to get further instructions from it in an unexpected emergency involving such vast national and international interests.

THE RISING IN THE BALKANS.

Bulgaria has added another to many protests against Turkish atrocities in Macedonia, and this time the appeal to the Powers is accompanied by the intimation that if they will not, Bulgaria will come to the rescue of the tortured population across her borders. A few days will tell how serious that promise of intervention is; meanwhile it justifies technically, at least, the desperate campaign which the *komitajis* of Macedonia have been waging for six weeks past. For the object of that hopeless warfare against the Turks has not been immediate success; Boris Sarafof and his comrades know well that their bands will speedily be cut to pieces or driven back to the mountains. But these partisan leaders hope meanwhile to provoke the Turkish soldiery to such inhuman outrage that Christian Europe shall, for very indignation, intervene. And there are, indeed, indications that the comparatively feeble Balkan States may undertake an enterprise before which the Great Powers quail.

Only upon this theory of a campaign of provocation are the events of the past few weeks explicable, for the insurgents have been the losers in departing from their guerrilla tactics and fighting in companies or battalions. But this policy, though it has cost the lives of some thousands of revolutionaries in the Monastir district alone, has apparently effected its purpose. It has brought an army of Turks into the centre of revolt, and has subjected that region to so horrible a campaign of reprisals that Bulgaria at least seems ready to fight against overwhelming odds on the chance of putting a stop to the dreadful business. Meanwhile, the Muslims have been still further irritated by alarming but ineffectual attempts to blow up railroads and public buildings with dynamite. Shocking as the policy of provocation deliberately adopted by the Macedonian Committee must seem, it contains their only hope. Under Turkish rule there is neither peace nor safety. Successive programmes of reforms solemnly drawn by the European Concert have been disregarded from the moment of publication. No native Christian of the peasant class is able to say that to-morrow his goods, his cattle, his children, or his wife will surely be his own. Bulgarian emissaries tell him that across the border in the new states torn from the Porte life and property are safe, and a good woman's honor. It is the desire for these elementary rights and the despair of getting them from the Turkish tyrants that make a revolutionist out of the shepherd or ploughman. For years past the committees supported from Bulgaria have supplied schoolmasters, missionaries, and rifles, and these agencies have been almost equally efficacious in building up a new Bulgaria out of many races, and in creating a small but brave force, composed of mere handfuls of men, who should, between the winter season and that of work in the fields, harass the Turkish garrison, the prosperous Greek minority, and all the enemies of the Bulgaria idea.

But the present revolt differs in important respects from these perennial disorders. In the first days of last August, a full month before harvest and the annual outbreak, regular military operations were begun by the revolutionists in the vilayet of Monastir. The capture of the little city of Krushevo by the Macedonians, its recapture by the Turks, and the massacre of its inhabitants, are the latest additions to the bloody chronicles of the Turkish empire in Europe. The taking of Krushevo was the signal for a series of operations in the Monastir region. In general this has been the only part of Macedonia in which the insurgents have made a consistent campaign and have won substantial successes. The details of the small fights of the past few weeks are of inextricable perplexity. The dispatches frequently have set both geography and probability at defiance. Suffice it to say that until the middle of August the insurgents had very much their own way, that after that time the Turks were reinforced and began a campaign of extermination, and that between the two parties more than one hundred villages have been destroyed in the region between Ochrida and Kastoria—the centre of the revolt. It is as unlikely that 65,000 people—one of the higher estimates—have been killed during this campaign as it is that the revolutionists have ever been in a position to lose 1,000 men in a single battle—one of the wilder reports; but the simple truth would be heart-rending enough. Many thousands of non-combatants have been ruthlessly slain, many more have been driven from the pillaged fields to the forests and mountains, to probable starvation, and the worst instances of unspeakable brutalities to women and children are confirmed by a Russian representative, M. Mandelstamm, who was sent there for the purpose of making out the best possible case for the Turks. In a sense the revolution about Monastir has been crushed out, but men who have lost their possessions and their families are rather more than less inclined to continue the feud against those to whom that loss is due. Furthermore, the reports of the outrages in the Monastir zone are ably doing the work of revolution, while the revolutionists themselves are driven back to their original condition as isolated guerrilla bands.

Minor features of the rising may be thus summarized. To the east, between Adrianople and the Black Sea, the revolutionists celebrated the advent of the Russian fleet, August 19, by burning a score of villages, destroying lighthouses and the like. The revolt was more or less of a surprise; it was dangerously near the Bulgarian border, and the Porte has taken vigorous and apparently successful measures of repression. About Uskub, in Old Servia, the Turks have been active in persecution, although revolutionary activity has been slight in that region. These acts of oppression are in irritating proximity to the co-religionists of the sufferers in Servia and Bulgaria. An apparently unsuccessful attempt to transfer the revolt begun about Monastir to the valley of the Struma above Demir Hissar might be

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come important in case of Bulgarian intervention, for the Struma is one of two main routes across the Bulgarian frontier.

One way or the other, the fate of the revolution will soon be settled. The Powers of Europe have given the Sultan a free hand, with all that that implies. His policy is to do the work of proscription so swiftly that the neighboring states will have neither time nor courage to interfere. The plan of the Macedonian revolutionaries is, contrariwise, merely to prolong the struggle until help comes from outside. Bulgaria appears to be on the verge of a decision. Should she bravely decide to become the open ally of the revolution she has covertly brought about, a new set of problems would arise. The Powers would try to isolate the war as they did unsuccessfully with the Balkan Confederation in 1876 and successfully with the inglorious Greek war of 1897. Should they again succeed in boxing up a war in the Levant, the Near Eastern question would be merely postponed, not settled. Settled it cannot be until the Ottoman garrison is finally expelled from Europe.

ACROSS THE SIERRA MADRE IN DURANGO.

MEXICO, 1903.

It was the time of the plague in Mazatlán. All Sinaloa was in a state of subdued excitement and fear. Rumors of fresh outbreaks of the dread malady were spread by every courier, and the frightened people put up new crosses in their houses, and pasted on their doors printed prayers for deliverance from the past. The State of Durango closed her gates against Sinaloa—that is, she established rigid quarantine on every road leading in from the stricken State, and communication with the western coast was severed. The natural route of travel from west Durango, by way of Culiacan and Altata, to the north being barred, there remained only the alternative of two mule trails over the Sierra Madre to the central plateau. One was relatively short, but beset with difficulties. The other was an ancient highway, arduous enough, as it turned out, but leading always where food and water could be had.

The start was not propitious. Heavy clouds hung over the serrated mountains. The air was sultry; and this in January, in a land of unflecked sapphire skies, was a phenomenon that caused the *mozos* to cast uneasy glances toward the line of peaks that marked the eastern limit of Sinaloa. The road followed closely the Humaya River; and following a stream in Mexico means to be in it a large part of the time. It is usually one extreme or the other—either floundering through water to the dismay of mud-hens, cormorants, and stone-chats, or scrambling over ridges amidst rocks and dust, brushing against bearded *pitayas* or other merciless cacti, and dodging thorny acacias that overhang the way. How utterly my little white Barbary steed detested it all! He was a creature of the plains, never happier than when rounding up cattle, steady as a rock when he braced himself for the shock of a lassoed steer; but he groaned over the irregularities of these mountain roads, and if there was a *chalote* hole within reach he was certain to have a foot caught in it. These little gophers were only a cause of torture to him, but to the dusky Indian, who knows every secret of the hills, they often render a peculiar service. If there is anywhere a bit of ferruginous soil, the *chalote* will infallibly choose it for his burrow, and so reveals many a hidden capping of a metalliferous vein. The ores of this region quite generally present no conspicuous indications on the surface. They seldom exist in the harder rocks which, resisting denudation, form the saw-toothed ridges and cañon walls that tower above the water courses. It is not an attractive country for the prospector, but the man who knows how to win his way to the native's heart will find that the land has been searched by keen eyes possessed of a sort of second sight in finding minerals. Taught by the experience of others who have been defrauded of their rights, the mountaineer discovers his treasures only to conceal them again. In every *jacal* are samples of ore. Ask where they came from, and the master of the house puts a stop to further discussion with that universal Mexican interrogation, "Quien sabe?" If he should offer to show you the vein, beware! He will show you the wrong one, unless you have truly made him your friend beforehand. You will lose less time with such a one as that old Indian of Tabahueto who summed up his ambition in the words, "Soy esperando la muerte." Satisfied with life, awaiting death—for the phrase will bear no pessimistic interpretation—this is the peaceful state of the great majority of the dwellers in these hills. Against such imperturbable contentment there is neither argument nor persuasion. If they possess some of the instincts of the miner, they are nevertheless essentially ranchers, agriculturists.

At San Jorge de Norotal is an example embodying all that makes life worth living at its best in these mountain fastnesses. The road turns off from the Humaya River into a wild *quebrada*, mounts high among the sharpened pinnacles, winds around dizzy precipices, plunges again into a deep gorge where pools of crystalline, beryl-tinted waters lie half hidden in grottoes worn into the cliffs. It wanders from one side of the water course to the other under great wild-fig trees, and climbs on toward the springs where the stream takes its rise. In this semi-arid country men seek the source of the waters to make their homes. Presently signs of human activity appear—walled fields where the corn has recently been harvested and the beans are ripe; and just beyond lies the ranch of San Jorge, a cluster of tile-roofed adobe houses, one above the other on stone-walled terraces, embowered in orange trees ablaze with yellow fruit, while high above on the steep mountainsides are fields of stiff, grayish-green mezcal plants extending up to the oaks and pines that cap the summits. Down in the arroyo are patches of brilliant sugar cane, and groves of *guayabas* sending up a perfume from ripening fruit, and everywhere the wide-spreading domes of stately *papayas* lift themselves above the surrounding vegetation. Here also are glossy mangoes, and *aguacates* (alligator pears). On the terrace walls bloomed roses, pinks, balsams, and violets, while the hanging gardens, if those curious Mexican garden plots on stilts may be so called, were resplendent with hollyhocks, here more euphoniously termed the *flor de San José*. Don Pedro Angulo stood on the great porch wrapped in a purple zarape with black stripes, a peaked straw hat on his head, and *guaraches* on his feet, just such sandals as had been worn by a long line of ancestors stretching back to the days of Abd-er-Rahman. What courtesy there was in his greeting, and what dignity! He had the air of a baron, of a man used to authority and ease. On every side were evidences of rural abundance. His granaries were filled with corn; he had stores of sugar and honey; cheese and milk and fruits were plenty. His corral was full of mules and cattle; pigs and chickens were ubiquitous. He showed with pride his *trapiche*, a great home-made sugar mill, and two huge coffee kettles for boiling down the cane juice; and farther up the arroyo, past a stream of sparkling water, he led to the mezcal still, an ingenious backwoods contrivance for making fiery liquor from the plant which is at once a financial boon and a moral curse to Mexico. The still consisted of a copper kettle, set over a fire-box, having a wooden cover with a hole in the centre, from which a wooden pipe conducted the vapors to an inverted kettle cooled by a stream of water trickling over it, a double system of troughs serving to keep the water separate from the distilled liquor. The mezcal is cut at seven years of age, the long sabre-like leaves severed close to the trunk, and these fibrous pulpy trunks, called *cabezas* (heads), are packed in alternate layers with dry wood in a pit dug in the earth. The wood is kindled, and the mass allowed to smoulder for some days (after the manner of making pit charcoal), when the fire is quenched, the heads macerated and fermented, and the ferment distilled. By this method fifty heads of mezcal yield three barrels of twenty gallons each of a clear white liquor, worth $20 Mexican silver per barrel at the ranch.

From his mezcal and cattle, his sugar and cheese, this mountain baron derives an income which renders him independent, and sustains a half-dozen dependent families and a retinue of servants, male and female. But, with all his rural comforts, he lived on a plane no better than his *peones;* his palate was familiar chiefly with tortillas and beans; he had no books, no newspapers; the outer world and its stirring affairs were all unknown; he had no conception of the use or management of a common kerosene lamp which was tendered as a gift; and his poor bedridden wife was afraid of simple remedies which were offered to relieve her suffering. The old woman lay in the best room in the house, which was a dark cavern with rough adobe walls, having only one little barred window, two feet square, near the ceiling, draped with cotton print to exclude whatever health-giving light and air might have tried to enter. Five home-made chests, some clothes on the wall, and three cots, were the only furnishings; and in this dismal prison the wretched creature had lain for three long years.

The cheery song of a wren (*saltapadero*) on the adobe wall overhead ushered in a

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new day with promise of fair weather after the rain, and our party was soon on the road winding up the arroyo towards the pine woods. Peones were shelling corn into a square *trocha*, made of canes, screening it through an *ixtle* sieve, as we passed the last *jacal* of the settlement. The floods still poured down the narrow defile, washing the rocks overgrown with rich green vines, whose hidden recurved thorns aptly entitled it to the native name of *diente de culebra* (snake's-tooth). Semi-tropical plants soon gave way to oaks, the young plants everywhere covered with compact woolly balls of a pink hue, called *borrego de encina*. Above the oaks came the pines, still mingled with hardwoods, for the altitude was not great, and in a short distance the summit was passed, the road leading down through mezcal fields to another ranch, notable for its gorgeous flowers, giant daturas with thousands of white pendent bells, and flaming poinsettias, by the Mexicans not inappropriately associated with Christmas eve in the name of *Nochebuena*. Here again were spacious houses, set upon walled terraces devoted to blooming plants. Here were fruits in abundance, and cane fields, laboriously irrigated by sweeps lifting leathern bags of water to troughs leading to the ditches.

There is an indefinable charm in this simple life, in the rude makeshifts by which men manage to achieve comfort in these remote wildernesses, setting up standards of thrift and industry and leisure at variance with those of the rest of the world, yet compatible with a peace and contentment that others, born in what we choose to call more favored circumstances, in certain moods might envy.

From these elevated ranches three days of difficult travel down the Norotal and Siánori valleys led to Tamazula. The distance was short, but the rivers were in full flood. The cañon was a wild, seething mass of water; and after an adventure in a dangerous ford, where one of the party barely escaped death by drowning, we retreated to a camping-ground to await the subsidence of the stream. From this dilemma a benevolent rancher extricated us, offering to serve as guide over an obscure and roundabout trail through the Sierra. With implicit faith we followed; the very name of our deliverer, Celestino Niebla, being a good omen for those needing some one to lead them out of the wilderness. It was a wild ride, among the pinnacles and domes of lofty mountains, along dangerous cliffs and over perilous *lajas*, where the smooth, slippery stones slanted towards the edges of precipices at appalling angles. The views were stupendous, embracing thousands of square miles of jagged mountain and rolling plain, stretching into the distant blue towards the Pacific Ocean. Finally, from the edge of a mighty cliff, we could look straight down upon the Tamazula River, with the little town of Aguas Calientes so far below that it resembled a toy village more than the abiding-place of men. After two days' additional travel, we were once more under this cliff, looking up from the village plaza at that goat's path where it seemed almost incredible that any horse could have passed in safety.

Tamazula is the most considerable town of western Durango, belonging geographically to Sinaloa, but by some political freak linked with the destinies of a state of the central plateau. It was an important Indian town before the days of the Conquest, and it can never be forgotten in Mexican history as the birthplace of that distinguished patriot Juan Felix Fernandez, better known as Victoria Guadalupe, first President of the Republic. Its ancient church bears witness to the energy of early missionaries and to the devotion of generations of zealots. It is full of treasures—gorgeous braided *casuyos*, and stoles embroidered in silver and gold, handed down through a long succession of priests. Its copy of the famous *tilma* of Our Lady of Guadalupe, painted in 1776, bears the mark of a master hand, and the massive silver frame is a superb example of the silversmith's art. The vestry is peculiarly rich in specimens of that curious folded linen work (*encarrujado*), in which the Mexican women reveal a skill and taste as remarkable as in their better-known "drawn work." The crusade against the public spitter has also reached Tamazula, where the *cura* exhorts the worshippers to cultivate neatness, posting on the church door in rude rhyme,

"Ama el aseo del templo,
Pues en el un Dios habita.
De escupir al suelo evita,
Dando de este modo ejemplo."

The old highway from Culiacan to the City of Durango passes through Tamazula. A few leagues above the town it takes chances with the floods in the great Quebrada or cañon of the Tamazula River, one of the wildest, most picturesque, and most dangerous gorges in western Mexico. As the stream reels from side to side between its crowding walls, the road makes counter loops, crossing and recrossing, until the effort to keep dry becomes too painful, and the traveller allows his legs to hang down and be drenched. In the narrower portions of the cañon the road deliberately follows the bed of the stream, and many a death-cry has sounded above the floods between these beetling precipices. From the entrance to the Quebrada to the junction with the Canelas arroyo, a distance of about fifty miles, there are two hundred and thirty-five fords across the Tamazula River.

Canelas arroyo is short but steep, and booming with cataracts. Near its head the mountains swing in a semi-circle of magnificent precipices around an extensive mesa, cleft in the middle by a gorge, on the edge of which clusters the most unique town in western Mexico. From any direction the entrance to this little city of Canelas is through winding lanes, walled with stones now green with moss. Beyond the walls are visions of beautiful gardens, with beds of lettuce and onions, *garbanzos*, *chiles*, squashes, and cabbage, with groves of orange and lime trees, apples, pears, peaches, luxuriant bananas, and papaws with their melon-shaped fruit clustering around the stems up to their very crowns. The walls are often overrun with brilliant nasturtiums and rich-foliaged gourds. To the delight of these beautiful gardens is added the charm of rippling waters, which flash across the lanes and sing through the orange groves, making the air musical wherever one turns. The buildings are quaint, and suggestive of infinite romance, of mysteries, of dark conspiracies and sunny loves. They seem to have jostled each other rudely before coming to settled peace, so that each one defies the lines which its neighbor tried to establish for a street. Balconies reach out from under the eaves of the peaked tile roofs; *miradas* break the sides of the structures into fascinating retreats where one may see and remain unseen; stairways are indifferent whether they run up on the inner or outer walls; and narrow alleys wriggle between the houses, dodge under arches, and lead to pleasant intimacies with pretty patios, or dusty rambling corrals, or verdant gardens with their limpid laughter of sparkling rivulets. The plaza was choked in its growth to a pitiful half acre, but it puts on a gay bravado of glowing bloom, and smiles up at one of the most picturesque churches imaginable, which developed in gables and wings as defiant of geometrical symmetry as the streets themselves. Only the tower grew into stately, well-proportioned dignity, with a belfry whose big bronze bell peals in solemn disdain of the jangle from the little bells in the belfries that sprung erratically out from the churchyard walls. Canelas may not be a paradise, but it is one of the loveliest spots in the world, a place of surpassing beauty, perfectly salubrious, the meeting-point of all climes. Her broad wheat fields lie green side by side with sugar cane, and the fruits of the tropics grow luxuriantly in the same gardens with those of northern latitudes. Grim pines on the mountains, with their feet in the snow, look down upon banana orchards only a mile away.

It was a severe change passing from these balmy airs to the icy Sierra. The change in the character of the country was also startling. The rugged hills, the towering cliffs, the dimly lighted cañons, all were past. These belong to the deeply eroded western fringe of the great mountains. The Sierra proper was only a vast rolling plain overgrown with lofty pines and massive hemlocks. Now and then the scenery was diversified by a low range of hills, or a gorge cutting back toward the continental divide. Provisions became scarce, for the settlements were far apart, and the people mostly existing in miserable poverty. At Llano Grande was some evidence of prosperity, shown chiefly in an *atajo* or band of splendid cargo mules. The ranch itself possessed the appearance of a Siberian penal station; the houses of logs, with hemlock shingles held down with heavy stones instead of nails. A high stockade of pine poles surrounded the gloomy structures. Indoors was a total absence of common comforts. There were no chairs, nor a single bed. A room filled with corn had to be cleared out to provide us with quarters, where we rolled up in blankets on the cold floor to pass the night.

Beyond Llano Grande conditions grew worse. Chickens and eggs and milk were not to be thought of. Except for squirrels and red-winged flickers which we shot, we should have had but little meat. The most difficult problem was to find corn and fodder for the animals. At Ciénaga a poor woman, living in a squalid log hut, with a half-witted boy and a shrinking little girl, after answering every request for provisions with a drawling "No hay," confessed to the ownership of fifteen bundles of fodder, only half enough for our famishing mules, and she could be persuaded to sell eight of these only at an exorbitant price, offering as her excuse that other travellers

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might come, and she would have nothing to give them! It thus became necessary to shorten each day's journey to afford the animals a chance to graze. It was monotonous travelling, the road winding league after league through the giant woods, with seldom an opening, save where some boggy savanna gave rise to a stream. Occasionally the solitude was broken by trains of cargo-mules laboring toward the mines of Topia or San Andrés de la Sierra. For a few minutes the wild cries of the *arrieros*, "ú pale!" "acho!" and their sharp yells and piercing whistle, would resound through the forest, and then only the soughing of the wind through the pine needles would disturb the solemn stillness.

The highest point on the road is reached at Camellones, said to be ten thousand feet above the sea, a wretched ranch, surrounded by fields walled in by cliffs of sandstone sculptured into fantastic forms. The master of the place is a son of a once famous bandit, who still practises his father's art in a modified form, the trick being to secrete a mule and await the proffer of a reward for "finding" it. The trick in this instance failed to work, and came near landing the rascal in the merciless hands of the *rurales*, the Mexican gendarmerie.

It was interesting to observe how the vegetation gradually changed as the great plateau was approached. The hemlocks disappeared, the cedars grew less, the tall pines gave way to scrubby species and to one form like the umbrella pine of Italy. Madroños with their red-flushed branches, and thickets of manzanillas became abundant. Tunas and other cacti clustered on the hillsides, and lechugillas, like giant "hen-and-chickens," spread over the parching ground. The wind blew, and blinding clouds of dust whirled down the arroyos. The soft airs of the west coast, the verdant plains of the high Sierra, were exchanged for the harsh conditions of the arid plateau. The River Nazas tried to redeem the desolation. Women were washing clothes on the bank below the dull brown hamlet of Rincon which clustered about its white Church of San José. A league beyond was Santa Catarina de Tepehuanes, with another church, a green plaza, stores, hotels, a bull-ring, and the Mexican International Railway. It almost seemed like civilization, after twenty-two days of horseback travel in the wild Sierra Madre, to exchange the camp for a house built with some suggestion of northern style, and to feel that the way was open for rapid transit to Durango and the land of "Tio Sam."

COURTENAY DE KALB.

Correspondence.

MANUFACTURING CAPITAL AND THE CENSUS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: My attention has been called to an article entitled "Suicidal Protection," in the *Nation* of August 20, 1903, in which the statement is made that "the Census figures show there has been a striking diminution in the ratio between the capital of American manufacturing industry and the value of the product"; a statement the truth of which the article undertakes to establish by drawing numerous comparisons between the census statistics of 1880 and 1900. Permit me to call your attention to the fact that the comparisons here made are worthless, and all the deductions you attempt to draw from them are without foundation, so far as the Census statistics are concerned.

The reasons why such comparisons are worthless are fully stated in the Census reports, and should have been obvious to any careful student of them. Attention is frequently called to the fact that, up to and including the Census of 1880, the inquiry regarding capital took no cognizance of the live capital employed in manufacturing, and that the enormous increase in the amount of capital invested, shown by a comparison between the censuses of 1880 and 1890, was due to the fact that the latter census for the first time included in its capital inquiry all forms of capital—that is to say, cash on hand, bills receivable, unsettled ledger accounts, raw materials, stock in process of manufacture, finished products, and other sundries. In view of this fact, it was stated at page lxi. of Part I. of the report on manufactures for 1900, and elsewhere in that report, that

"In the inquiry concerning capital, comparisons have no statistical value prior to the Census of 1890. The form of the inquiry regarding capital at all censuses down to and including 1880 was so vague and general in its character that it can not be assumed that any true proportion exists between the statistics on this subject as elicited prior to 1890. . . . The form of this inquiry of 1890 and 1900 was so similar that comparison may be safely made."

Assuming that you will not desire to make the Census responsible for false conclusions when it has taken all possible pains to guard against these conclusions, and that you will desire your readers to know that the editorial above referred to has no real basis in Census statistics, I venture to write you this letter.—Very respectfully,

S. N. D. NORTH, Director.

CENSUS OFFICE, WASHINGTON, D. C.,
September 10, 1903.

[The United States Government publishes each year a volume of statistics entitled 'Statistical Abstract of the United States.' On the fly-leaf is the statement, "Prepared by the Bureau of Statistics, under the direction of the Secretary of the Treasury." On page 512 of the latest number (that for 1902) is a mass of statistics headed "Summary of Manufactures, by Specified Industries, 1880, 1890, and 1900. From reports of the Census." A footnote to this caption explains that the summary is exclusive of statistics of eighty-five Governmental establishments in the District of Columbia. Nothing is said regarding the peculiar character of the 1880 figures referred to by Mr. North, and a publication which has hitherto been regarded as authoritative, turns out to be a slovenly and untrustworthy affair. The editorial on "Suicidal Protection" was based on the figures contained in the Statistical Abstract.

Mr. North's statements do not, however, invalidate the argument outlined in the editorial on "Suicidal Protection." Discarding the 1880 figures, and employing those for 1890, with which Mr. North says the 1900 figures may safely be compared, we still find that the tendency of capital has been towards a lessened turnover. While capital increased about 50 per cent. between 1890 and 1900 (according to the 'Statistical Abstract'), value of product increased less than 40 per cent. We have gone over every article of manufacture specified in the editorial on "Suicidal Protection" and have made a comparison between 1890 and 1900. We have found, as we very well knew we should, that in practically the whole list the tendency was pronouncedly in the direction of a lessened turnover of capital.—ED. NATION.]

RACE PROBLEMS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I have been reading, with pleasure, your valued paper ever since the days when its editor had the courage to criticise the actions of the greatest of all the Federal generals, after he had become President of the United States, and had committed what your paper very naturally considered some serious blunders as President. It is therefore with regret that I have of late noticed a decided tendency on the *Nation's* part to deal harshly, and as I think unjustly, with the South, its customs and policies. In your issue of September 3d, for instance, in commenting upon Mr. Shepard's answers to the questions propounded to him by the *Evening Post*, as to his attitude on the race question, you say that "his words indicate how hollow will ring the Democratic protest against the oppression of the Filipinos while there is Democratic acquiescence in injustice to the negro." You go on to say that a Democratic campaign in this respect would be one of overflowing love for the brown brothers whom they cannot see, but of callous disregard for the black brothers whom they can see. A little impartial investigation and consideration, Mr. Editor, might convince you that the failure to appreciate the many virtues and beauties of the black brother is not confined to Democrats or to Southerners "steeped in ignorance and vice."

No better evidence of this fact could be given than is to be found in the recent conduct of the people of Waterloo, Ia., a city of 20,000 inhabitants, in politics overwhelmingly Republican, where the cry has gone up, "We want a white city"—not a clean city, or an orderly city, but a white one, free from negroes. In speaking of the matter, a well-known and prominent citizen of Waterloo said:

"We are in earnest. We do not intend to persecute the negroes, but they are given to understand they are not wanted here, and that is all there is to it. We believe the city will prosper more and its people will be better off without them. Up to recent months our colored people, being few, have been as desirable a class of citizens as people of this race can well be, but if their increase in the make-up of the population of this city is allowed to continue in the proportion seen at Des Moines and Marshalltown, it would certainly be a detriment to the city."

Waterloo is a sample case of the negro problem in the North. It is astonishing what a sudden change of sentiment occurs in a Northern Republican community when

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it has a chance to study the negro problem at close range. A. C. READER.

NEW ORLEANS, September 9, 1903.

[But this is not the negro problem at all. In Boston, at the time of the anti-Irish riots in 1837, it would have been called the "Irish problem"; in San Francisco it is the "Chinese problem"; in the coal regions of Pennsylvania it is the "Slav problem."—ED. NATION.]

Notes.

The A. L. A. Publishing Board, 10½ Beacon Street, Boston, expects to issue early next year its 'Index of Portraits Contained in Books and Periodicals,' edited under the direction of Harvard's Librarian, William Coolidge Lane, and Nina E. Brown. The two volumes will contain more than 100,000 references to portraits in periodicals, published collections and illustrated works. "Practically all the material in the large libraries of Boston and vicinity and in those of New York, that was thought desirable," has been availed of. The portraits in genealogies and local histories have had to be neglected, as a rule. Six years have been employed on this most valuable production.

Ex-President E. Benjamin Andrews reappears as an author in 'The United States in Our Own Time: A History from Reconstruction to Expansion,' which Messrs. Scribner will publish along with 'An Unpublished Essay by Jonathan Edwards on the Trinity,' edited for subject and author by Prof. George P. Fisher, and 'In African Forest and Jungle,' by the late Paul Du Chaillu.

'My Favorite Book-Shelf,' a body of selections from famous authors by Charles Josselyn, is promised by Paul Elder & Co., San Francisco.

Following the fashion which substitutes photographic *tableaux vivants* for imaginative illustration, Doubleday, Page & Co. have just issued a new edition of Kipling's 'The Light that Failed,' with scenes from the dramatic version rendered by Mr. Forbes Robertson and Miss Gertrude Elliott. They have in hand a Life of Gen. Samuel C. Armstrong, the founder of Hampton Institute, by his daughter Edith (Mrs. Talbot).

A Life of the late Senator James McMillan is to be prepared for private circulation by his confidential secretary, Charles Moore.

Henry Holt & Co. announce 'The Regency of Marie de Médicis,' by Dr. Andrew Power Lloyd, with five rare portraits; Tarde's 'Laws of Imitation,' translated by Elsie Clews Parsons; 'Dante's Influence on English Poetry,' by Prof. Oscar Kuhns; an Italian Grammar, by Prof. Mary V. Young of Mt. Holyoke College; and a new edition of Lavignac's 'Music and Musicians,' with an added chapter on "The Present State of the Art of Music," by H. E. Krehbiel.

McClure, Phillips & Co. have nearly ready 'Letters from a Chinese Official,' and 'Falk,' three short love stories by Joseph Conrad.

Forthcoming from Macmillan Co. are a new volume of poems by William B. Yeats, 'In the Seven Woods'; 'Venice and its Story,' by Thomas Okey, elaborately illustrated; 'The Anonimo Morelliano,' translated by Paolo Mussi; 'Benozzo Gozzoli,' by Langton Douglas, with many illustrations; 'Millet and the Barbizon School,' by Arthur Thompson; 'The History of Portrait Miniatures, from the Time of Holbein, 1531, to that of Sir William Ross, 1860,' by George C. Williamson, gorgeously illustrated; 'Hans Holbein,' by Gerald S. Davies; 'J. McNeill Whistler and his Work,' by Arthur G. and Nancy Bell; 'The History of American Painting,' by Samuel Isham; 'A History of American Sculpture,' by Lorado Taft; 'The History of American Music,' by Louis C. Elson; volumes 3 and 4 of 'A History of English Poetry,' by W. J. Courthope; 'Studies in German Literature in the 19th Century,' by Prof. John F. Coar of Harvard; a luxurious edition of the Works of Matthew Arnold in 15 volumes; another, of Hakluyt's Voyages in 12 volumes; 'The Bible in Browning,' by Minnie Gresham Machen; 'A History of the Appointing Power,' by Prof. Lucy Maynard Salmon of Vassar; 'Roman Society from Nero to Marcus Aurelius,' by Prof. Samuel Dill; 'The Native Tribes of the Northern Territory of Australia,' by Prof. Baldwin Spencer; 'Two Centuries of Costume in America,' by Alice Morse Earle; 'Old Quebec, the Fortress of New France,' by Sir Gilbert Parker; 'The Foundations of Modern Europe,' by Dr. Emil Reich; 'A History of Modern England,' by Herbert W. Paul, the first two of five volumes; 'Lectures on the French Revolution and on General Modern History,' by the late Lord Acton; 'South Carolina as a Royal Province,' by W. Roy Smith; 'The Industrial History of the United States,' by Prof. Katharine Coman of Wellesley; 'Contest for Sound Money,' by A. B. Hepburn; 'A Manual of Old French Dialects,' by Prof. L. E. Menger of Bryn Mawr; a Life of John Fiske; and Morley's Life of Gladstone.

J. B. Lippincott Co. expect to publish next month 'The True History of the Civil War, Illustrated,' by Prof. Guy Carleton Lee of Johns Hopkins, in 500 pages, illustrated.

Prof. W. E. Burghardt Du Bois, author of 'The Souls of Black Folk,' is at work on a novel which will likewise bear the imprint of A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago.

Dr. Henry J. Morgan purposes bringing out a second edition of his valuable 'Canadian Men and Women of the Time.' It will contain a necrology.

Mrs. Zelia Nuttall, we learn from the Bollettino of the National Central Library of Florence for August, will shortly publish her second volume on the anonymous Spanish-Mexican codex in that library, 'Libro de la Vida que los Indios antiguamente hazian.' She will follow up her facsimile with the Spanish text, an English version, and a commentary, the labor of ten years.

The Burrows Brothers Co., Cleveland, extend their elegant series of American historical reprints with John Miller's 'New York Considered and Improved' (1695). The work has been twice publisned—in 1843 by Thomas Rodd, London; in 1862 by William Gowans, New York, with Dr. J. G. Shea's annotations. For the present edition recourse has been had to the original MS. in the British Museum, and a new editor has been found in Mr. V. H. Paltsits of the New York Public Library, an institution which chances to own two works from Miller's collection. Miller, who, after graduation at Cambridge, came over in 1690 as military chaplain, describes the city topographically with much care, and adds a not very flattering report on the state of public morality. He gives plans of New York and Albany, and of Fort William Henry at the Battery. Mr. Paltsits has succeeded in enlarging our previous knowledge of Miller, and has usefully provided this edition with notes, appendices, and an index. Miller's scholarly hand is shown in a facsimile of the concluding page of his MS.

The sixth volume of the Quarterly of the Texas State Historical Association contains a great variety of matter, in which form is often (and properly) subordinated to substance. This is conspicuously the case with the reminiscences of Judge C. C. Cox, who served as a lad of fourteen in the Texan navy, which reflected all the cruel traditions of the American navy, as that did of the British; who was drawn to California by the gold fever, and afterwards entered reluctantly into the war of secession on the losing side. He bears witness to the demoralizing after effects of the war in Texas. His illiterate narrative describes some old customs which furnish curious reading. He pays a sincere tribute to Mexican character. There is mentionable also a brief but valuable sketch of the slave trade in Texas, to which there was much popular and official opposition; but the simple remedy of abolishing slavery was not proposed. However, the trade attained no great proportions, though as late as 1856 slaves were introduced under the guise of "camels."

The special summer number of the *International Studio* (John Lane) is devoted to three "Masters of English Landscape Painting," namely, Cotman, David Cox, and De Wint. The three short monographs are of varying degrees of merit, those on Cotman, by Laurence Binyon, and De Wint, by Walter Shaw Sparrow, containing some intelligent and intelligible criticism, while that on Cox, by A. L. Baldry, contents itself for the most part with biography; but the important things are the very numerous illustrations, in black and white and in colors, which give us a better opportunity than we have hitherto enjoyed of estimating the work of these painters. Although the color reproductions seem to be unusually good, it is dangerous to judge of coloring from reproductions alone, but one should be able to form a pretty fair idea of other qualities. Of the three, David Cox comes out least well. His color, if pleasing, seems rather conventional, and surely no painter ever achieved a great reputation who had less sense of form or of composition. One is left in wonder as to what his fame is based upon. De Wint makes a better impression, especially in some of his rapid sketches from nature, which have a vigor and dash not unlike the water-color work of Winslow Homer, but his more elaborate compositions are rather commonplace. The only one of the three who seems to approach greatness and to justify the title of "master" is Cotman, whose work shows dignity and even majesty of composition, strong draughtsmanship and classic beauty of line, a fine decorative sense, simplicity and directness of method, and a feeling for color alternately subtle or splendid. Though none of these men was very successful or much appreciated in his lifetime, the greatest of the three had by far the hardest life and suffered the most from consistent neglect. They all painted, more or less, in oils,

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but the bulk of their work, and, so far as the reproductions enable one to judge, the best of it, was in water-color, their oil paintings having a certain air of translation.

A "Société Amicale Gaston Paris" has been organized in Paris, the purpose being to keep the magnificent library of the recently deceased French prince of Romance philology intact and to publish his literary remains. The widow has entrusted all the papers to the Society, of which Prof. Antoine Thomas is the President.

A comparatively complete report of the reforms instituted in the higher grade of schools in France, modelled to a certain extent after German precedents, is given by J. Caro in No. 5 of the *Monatsschrift für höhere Schülen*. According to this, the school work is begun by a five years' course in elementary branches, followed by three years corresponding to the first three years in the gymnasium. Then comes the *enseignement secondaire* proper, covering a period of seven years and divided into two parts. The first is four years long, corresponding to the middle gymnasium classes, with obligatory Latin but optional Greek in the two higher classes, and with considerable prominence given to the sciences and modern languages. The last three years present considerable choice of subjects, there being four courses—(1) with Latin and Greek; (2) with Latin and modern languages; (3) with Latin and natural sciences; (4) with modern languages and natural sciences. The first, second, and fourth correspond in general to the three kinds of German secondary schools, but the third is unique for France. Caro explains the existence of this course by the French demand that every educated man be acquainted with Latin. This combination of four courses will be found only in the larger *lycées;* the smaller must be content with one or two. The graduates of any of the courses secure the bachelor degree, corresponding to the German *testimonium maturitatis*, and likewise entitling its recipient to enter any department of the University and prepare for any of the professions.

It has now been definitively decided to establish a new Academy in Posen, as part of the German element's struggle for the mastery of the intellectual life of the Polish province. It has been organized, with the approval of the Government, by the Deutsche Gesellschaft für Kunst und Wissenschaft, which has arranged the work for several years to come. The work begins on the 21st of October with a rector in charge and a corps of assistants numbering about a dozen. It is expressly declared that the Academy is to serve the interests not only of the city, but of the whole province. The rector chosen is Dr. Kühnemann, hitherto professor in the Universities of Marburg and Bonn.

The Seminar für Orientalische Sprache in Berlin, the leading school in the world for the practical acquisition of Oriental tongues, reports a total attendance of 229 in the present semester. Although it is not an integral part of the University, the director is the university professor, Sachau, and its students can attend the academic lectures. Each language has at least two representatives in the teaching corps, one German who does the scientific work, and one a native to conduct the practical drill. During the present term Chinese is being studied by 24, Japanese by 7, Arabic by 20, Persian by 7, Turkish by 8, Suali by 26, Haussa by 8, English by 61, French by 42, modern Greek by 8, Russian by 41, Spanish by 14. The students are chiefly candidates for positions as missionaries, dragomans, Governmental and mercantile servants in the Orient. Only five women are enrolled. At the close of the last academic year twenty-eight students passed the examinations.

The Œcumenical Patriarch of the Greek Church, Joachim, residing in Constantinople and representing the non-Russian section of his church, has recently, together with his bishops, addressed an official communication to the Holy Synod, representing the Russian section of the church, asking that body to arrange for the substitution of the Gregorian Calendar in the place of the Julian, for practical and scientific reasons. The Synod has now replied, declining to take such steps, for the reason that the matter is very complicated and really belongs in the province of scholars. Moreover, "considering it from a purely scientific point of view, competent Russian authorities are inclined to give the preference rather to the Julian Calendar than to the Western. Hence, the church authorities are inclined to hesitate to make the change, which would also seriously affect the sacred festivals and confuse the average Christian."

—It is pleasant to note that the twenty-fifth anniversary of the International Literary and Artistic Association, founded in Paris by Victor Hugo, in 1878, is to be held on German soil amid the classic precincts of Weimar, with much promise of intellectual interchange and sincere good-fellowship. The time of meeting is from the 24th to the 30th of this month, and, in addition to the opening meeting, there are to be eight working sessions. The programme includes papers on copyright protection, for engineering works, by the French engineer, Pesce; works of architecture, by Georges Harmond of Paris; photographs, by the well-known authority, Alphonse Davonne, the president of the Society of French Photographers, and on art as applied to industry, by Raoul de Clermont. The further revision of the Berne copyright convention is to be discussed by the Paris lawyer, Georges Maillard; Intellectual Property from the Point of View of Theatrical Art, by M. Giraud; the better protection of historical works and criticism, by Alfred Vaunois of Paris; while a special report is to be presented on mechanical musical instruments in relation to copyright, and reports, by various hands, on copyright movements in the principal countries. A contribution of special note is that promised by the president of the Association, Eugène Pouillet, on the sale of works of art, and publishing contracts in relation to artistic productions. Saturday afternoon and evening are set aside for an excursion to Jena, and Wednesday for visiting Eisenach and the Wartburg, while the intervening Sunday is to be devoted to the various points of interest in and about Weimar, including the Belvedere, and the tombs of Goethe and Schiller.

—The September instalment of Andrew D. White's diplomatic reminiscences in the *Century* deals largely with persons eminent in the learned world. Lepsius, Ernst Curtius, Von Sybel, Droysen, Du Bois-Reymond, Helmholtz, and Hofmann were among those whom he met at Berlin. Among teachers of history he speaks with especial praise of Oncken, whose lectures at Giessen he regards as the best in manner of presentation he has ever heard, with the exception of Laboulaye at the Collège de France, Seelye at Cambridge, and Goldwin Smith at Cornell. With Knaus, Carl Becker, Anton von Werner, Adolf Menzel, and other artists he also formed pleasant acquaintance. Diplomatic vacations gave him opportunity to travel and form friendships outside of Germany. In France especially he met many eminent men of letters, statesmen, artists, and teachers, for whom he professes a profound respect. "It is a thousand pities that a country possessing such men is so widely known to the world, not by them, but by novelists and dramatists largely retailing filth, journalists largely given to the invention of sensational lies," and a low order of politicians. He speaks with great affection of Frederick III., "that embodiment of all qualities which any man could ask for in a ruler of a great nation." An article by Cardinal Gibbons, on the Character of Leo XIII., might almost be called a "scoop" if the *Century* were in the field of modern sensationalism. No one will question the sincerity of the Cardinal's characterization of Leo as an eminent religious leader and scholar, a man of courage, strength, and understanding. John Gilmer Speed contributes an interesting study of horse-breeding in America, condemning with good reason methods of breeding for speed which result in only about two per cent. of success, with a residue of ninety-eight per cent. of failures which cannot profitably be utilized for any other purpose.

—In the September *Atlantic* we have the first instalment of Sir Leslie Stephen's promised reminiscences. It is somewhat disconcerting to find at the outset an emphatic assertion of unfitness for autobiographical writing because of a treacherous memory, but the reader will take this self-depreciation with the same kind of allowance which one makes for the confessions of atrocious wickedness by a Bunyan. Sir Leslie's memories flow with a broader sweep, with less of piquant detail, than is found in Andrew D. White's opening chapters in the *Century*, but they promise a rich feast none the less. He is rather disposed to congratulate himself that he owes no debt of gratitude to some Carlyle, Emerson, or Newman for arousing his slumbering intellect and convincing him of the possession of a soul. "Spiritual guides are very impressive, but sometimes very mischievous persons. Prostration before a prophet is enfeebling." The Cambridge teachers of his time were not given to enthusiasms, but preached common sense, and common sense said, "Stick to your triposes, grind at your mill, and don't set the universe in order till you have taken your bachelor's degree." Lyman Abbott answers for women the question why they do not want the ballot; but the most important suffrage question of today is not whether women could give serious attention to politics without too heavy a draft upon the time and strength needed for the duties necessarily imposed upon them by their sex, but whether men can be induced to take from other pursuits and

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pleasures the time and strength necessary to even a passable discharge of the political duties resting upon them. Practical objections to female suffrage must be sought along other lines than the probable absorption of woman's interest to the exclusion of more important concerns.

—The article of most evident interest in the September *Scribner's* is a chapter of Senator Hoar's forthcoming 'Autobiography of Seventy Years.' The noted jurists of his day and acquaintance form the subject of this paper, Chief Justice Lemuel Shaw naturally taking the foremost place. Frederic Irland describes at length the Wyoming game stronghold, where the elk, antelope, and deer still flourish much as they did before the white man's arrival, and Capt. T. Bentley Mott tells of the life of the military attachés of our diplomatic system. The remainder of the number is given up chiefly to fiction and poetry.

—Is it possible that Sir Norman Lockyer displays an understanding of British human nature, in endeavoring to stimulate it to vast expenses for universities, by pointing out that in this respect that country is far behind Germany and America? If such were the best argument to use, England would be looking into a dismal future. What people conscious of great vitality and genius was ever fired with the idea of following in the wake of others? One would not find much response to such an appeal in Washington, nor in Paris. Would not Sir Norman do better to address his countrymen in some such language as this? "For the last three centuries every single idea of really sovereign preëminence in science has been largely (in most cases undisputedly) of British paternity: the Inductive Philosophy, the Corpuscular Theory, Attraction, the Differential Calculus, the Atomic Theory (and the type theory of chemistry), Natural Selection, the Mechanical Theory of Heat (or that first principle of it which was the solid core of the great doctrine of the Correlation and Conservation of Forces), the Theory of Light as transverse vibrations, followed up by the true Theory of Electricity, the Electro-magnetic Theory of Light, and the Electron Theory of Matter. The new science of radiations, if it has importance enough to be mentioned in this connection, has grown directly and uninterruptedly out of Crookes's experiments. To continue these services to civilization is no more than our plain duty. *Noblesse oblige.* They must be continued; they will be continued. British soil is fertile in men of the highest types of genius. It shall not be found that their fruit is not forthcoming because Great Britain's purse was not long enough to sustain British science against foreign competition." The above are the sober facts; they will bear scrutiny. If they were put before the British Parliament and the country, would not patriotism be moved?

—The librarian world had a sudden and not long preparation for the news of the death of Charles Ammi Cutter, librarian of the Forbes Library of Northampton, Mass., at Walpole, N. H., on September 7, in the sixty-seventh year of his age. Mr. Cutter was a native of Boston, and was graduated at Harvard in the class of 1855. After some study of divinity, he became assistant in the college library. In 1869 he succeeded the late William Frederick Poole as librarian of the Boston Athenæum, from which, after twenty-five years, he passed to the new foundation in Northampton, selecting its many thousand volumes and fixing its character. In this congenial place and service he remained till death overtook him. His monumental work at the Athenæum was his completion of its printed catalogue in five volumes. In the art of cataloguing he was past master. His Rules are universally known and widely observed as standard. His system of classification also made him eminent in his profession, which reckoned him among the half-dozen foremost American librarians of his time. Some traits he probably lacked for the highest efficiency in administration. He was a man of slender body and shy presence; little demonstrative; with a low voice; more genial than forceful. He used to quote the saying that the librarian who reads is lost; but he both read and wrote admirably. His culture was very wide, and the evidences of it are embalmed in the *Nation*, to which he was a voluminous contributor (in the mass) for thirty-five years, with slight interruption. His odds and ends of leisure were naturally employed for "Notes" rather than for longer essays, which were, however, not wanting, in the shape of articles or book reviews, or, a few years ago, in a charming series of letters from England and France, in which his architectural interest was plainly revealed. In the Forbes Library his love of art was gratified by collecting photographs of the masterpieces, and these were frequently displayed in special exhibitions in the upper hall. For twenty years or more the *Nation* relied mainly upon him for its reports of the meetings of the American Librarians' Association from the Atlantic to the Pacific Coast. We part with regret from this modest and lovable character.

—The idea of erecting a statue in honor of the author of "Hamlet" at Elsinore, forever made famous by Shakspere's drama, seems to be gaining strength in Denmark, where it was first started by the sculptor Hasselriis, who even went so far as to model the statue. As was to be expected, the project has particularly taken the fancy of the little town by the Sound, where enterprising innkeepers have already not only caused a Hamlet's grave to be forthcoming, but also had a statue erected of the ill-fated Prince of Denmark. The Elsinore *Gazette* seems to be especially interested in the project, and comes out in a supplement to its number of August 12 with a richly illustrated, semi-scholarly article strongly advocating the idea. The writer has delved deep into church registers and old archives, not to mention such household works as Brandes's book on Shakspere, and for a small provincial paper the article is very well written with regard to what is known about Shakspere's early relations to the Amleth story, and his later connection, through William Kemp and George Bryan, with Elsinore. There is even a hint of the possibility that Shakspere himself may have visited the city in the disguise of the "boy, Daniell Jones," who in 1582 played there for the court in the company of William Kemp of Leicester's troupe. Among the illustrations is one which, by a clever trick of the photographer, prophetically shows the Shakspere statue in the centre of the market-place of Elsinore. The actual erection is pronounced a national obligation. There has been some opposition manifested, chiefly among the younger generation of authors, one of whom does not care to honor the man who has forever linked the name of Denmark with "something rotten."

THE TIMOTHEUS PAPYRUS.

Timotheos: Die Perser. Herausgegeben von Ulrich von Wilamowitz-Moellendorff.

Der Timotheos-Papyrus. Lichtdruck-Ausgabe. Leipzig: J. C. Hinrichs'sche Buchhandlung; New York: Lemcke & Buechner. 1903.

The papyrus which is here deciphered, and edited, with a graceful dedication to the Royal Irish Academy, is very remarkable in several respects. It is the oldest papyrus that has come down to us; it goes back to the time of Aristotle and Alexander the Great, and it antedates the founding of the great Alexandrian Library. It is, therefore, not very far removed from the period of Timotheus himself. Singularly enough, the characters, which are of great beauty and clearness, are modelled after those of monumental inscriptions on stone of the period, and show no traces of the cursive script which must have been employed even at that date.

The publication of this bit of flotsam from Egypt has been awaited by scholars with curiosity and expectation. Timotheus was known as the greatest lyric poet of the later classic period from 400 B. C., as a daring and successful innovator in lyric forms, and as a master of the newer music, whose development he aided, and whose vogue persisted for centuries. He received the approval of Aristotle. It was hoped by some scholars that this poem might yield a new source of history for the battle of Marathon, to be placed beside the narrative of Herodotus and the drama of Æschylus. There was no very good reason for these expectations, and they are certainly disappointed. This fragment gives us no history, it mentions no famous name, it touches no lofty note of sentiment or patriotism. There is no attempt at the pedantry of reproducing details of the actual methods of naval war in the period of Themistocles. We are presented simply with an imaginative description of a typical sea fight (such as the writer may have seen) of the period of Thucydides or somewhat later, containing some expressions which find their explanation in his narrative of the Sicilian expedition. No useful comparison is possible, therefore, with Herodotus or with the great drama of Æschylus; only contrasts are possible, which are not enlightening or instructive. On the other hand, Wilamowitz quotes a rhetorical description by Ephorus of the battle of Cynossema, which forms an exact parallel of the picture given by Timotheus; in places it reads like a paraphrase.

The fragment, which includes only the latter part of the poem, takes us into the thick of the fight. The poet sketches onsets and retreats, the sallies of boarders, tiers of oars shorn off by collisions, the plunging and rearing of vessels under the impact of rams and "dolphins," till they capsize or sink with a toss of the head; the showers of missiles quivering as they light; hurtling masses of lead and fiery balls, "while

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the emerald-haired sea has its furrows crimsoned by the droppings of the ships." This is told with a fine frenzy and rush of words, in phrases sometimes tortured and obscure, but in the main vivid and picturesque. The incidents and their order are not quite clear, partly by reason of *lacunæ* in the text, partly by reason of the fine phrases of the poet. What are "the droppings of the ships"? Are they streams of blood or flaming timbers?

The poet next turns to the fortunes of individuals who are typical or representative; and here we reproduce one of these episodes, so far as our English serves:

"Some landsman of the Phrygian plains, lord of estates that stretch a day's journey, now ploughing the watery plain with his legs and smiting it with his hands, swam on, turned islander perforce, and, buffeted by the winds, searched for ways of escape. . . .

"The foaming rain, unquaffed of revellers, poured down his throat, and as the brine gurgled back and gushed from his lips, with shrilling voice and frenzied mood he gnashed his teeth and uttered threats against the sea for its despiteful usage. 'Bold though thou art, thou didst yield thy haughty neck erstwhile to the yoke and wert curbed in hempen bonds; and now again, my lord and master—mine—shall harass thee with pines sprung from the mountain, and with his roving glances shall encompass thy plains where sail the ships. Abomination that I hate of old! thou frantic wanton, faithless paramour of the blast that sweeps the whelming surge!' So spake he, panting, with faint voice, while from his lips he belched foul froth and spewed the brine."

He pictures next the flight and rout of the Persian fleet, the long chain of ships dashing one another to pieces—the sea "bestarred" with white corpses, the headlands filled with shivering, naked fugitives, wailing and crying to the Mountain Mother for deliverance. They fling away their arms, they tear their faces with their nails, they rend their garments; and Xerxes (who is named only as the King), when he sees his routed host, utters a brief lamentation, as he calls for his chariot and bids his followers burn their tents and bear away his countless treasure. A lively episode sketches some captive of Celænæ, dragged by his long hair, and stammering petitions to his captor in barbarous Ionic Greek of Asia Minor. The poem closes with an invocation to Apollo, and a curious and highly interesting bit of personal confession and declaration on the part of the poet.

The brief abstract in which we have attempted something between a translation and a paraphrase is of course a misrepresentation more or less. It omits rhythm, the fabric of the compound words; it betrays slightly, perhaps, the color and the sense—one cannot take his oath to its fidelity. For one thing, it is impossible to reproduce in English a fashion of speech which is more than half made up of compound substantives or adjectives. Wilamowitz himself declines the task of translating this; and as he has at his command the resources of the German language in ready-made compounds and its license for new coinage, we must bow to his judicious example. He confines himself instead to a paraphrase in very plain Greek prose, after the style of the scholiasts to Euripides or to Lycophron; and this reserve on the part of a scholar whose literary gift matches his learning, may be taken as a signpost marked "no thoroughfare." But our version of the episode does not seriously misrepresent two features of the author's style—his dithyrambic magniloquence and the hardiness of his realism. This is the innovator who "outraged music with his twelve (?) strings," imitated a storm at sea—a "tempest in a teapot" some one styles it in Athenæus; who dared to express musically the birth-pangs of Semele, and offended by his daring the conservatism—perhaps, too, the Puritanism—of the Spartans. For this reason we have given a taste of his manner which is not entirely "traitorous."

So far as his matter is concerned, our author does not soar, or, if he soars, he tends to fall. The ship fight and the rout, in spite of offensive mannerisms, is a busy, rapid, and vigorous scene. The prayer of the fugitives to their own Asiatic goddess for salvation is appropriate, and contains many natural touches of what we call "local color"; the lament of Xerxes even condescends to simplicity and sincerity. The seasick Phrygian landlubber is a trivial and sorry figure, and his brag strikes a false note. It is a bit of empty, unnatural bombast; for the boast of Xerxes in Herodotus which it echoes was a sort of madness quite in character with that despot who had not the wisdom of King Canute; but his courtiers, surely, when indulging in an unofficial fit of seasickness, had no motive to express anything but a candid opinion of their master. On the other hand, the long-haired rustic of Celænæ makes an excellent bit of comedy as he stammers solecisms and dialectic remonstrances to his captor: "When I'm to home, I live down to Ecbatana." This particular variety of realistic expression was familiar to Sophron and Plato and Aristophanes, and is grown of late distressingly familiar to ourselves. The dialectic man of Celænæ is at any rate the least tedious of his tribe; for he sputters briefly—and, under Wilamowitz's commentary, most instructively—in a little speech that is prophetic of later Hellenistic forms and syntax.

One feature of style is here carried out to the utmost, and that is the use of compound words, often newly coined, as epithets or elements of the sentence. Two, or even three, are frequently packed together, each one built of two, and occasionally of three, simple words. The Mountain Mother is not only fair-armed, but she has golden-braided hair, and a dark-leaf-broidered robe. This peculiarity of expression is, of course, perfectly familiar in all Greek poetry; such formations were facile and native to the genius of the language. They have persisted from Homer down to Bikelas's versions of Shakspere. But these *nova verba*, as Horace calls them, were especially at home in the domain of the dithyramb; to judge from this specimen—which, though called a nome, is transformed by the dithyrambic spirit—they were a fashion of speech *de rigueur*. This freedom of coinage, then, was a privilege of the craft—a privilege which Timotheus abused and carried out to license and extravagance. But the tortuous audacities which he affected, the superfine phrases, the verbal tricks and riddles, show a graver taint which infects the very body of his style and presages dissolution. He must not call a spade a spade. The oars to him are anything but oars; they are the ship's *hands*, or its *feet*, or the *mountain-grown pines*. The sea is *emerald-haired*, and it is *starred* with clusters of white bodies. A lance or javelin is the *murderous thong-bound Ares sped like fire* upon the foe. There is no mistaking the drift of these meretricious whims and turns of fancy. They mean simply degeneration and decadence, the descent toward sheer vaporing and insipidity, and false strained ingenuity which gave rise to the proverb, "Sillier than a dithyramb"; they are a portion of the antics and vagaries of expression which Aristophanes satirizes in the "Clouds." They mark the transition from classic restraint to rhetoric, and the passing of rhetoric over to Asiatic floridity, to euphuism and bombast and cold, petty conceits.

Timotheus is an Asiatic, and a rhetorician rather than a poet; he represents the flood-tide of his musical art, when the music was supported by an adequate and striking libretto. He is quite capable of an occasional fine phrase or lofty sentiment, which struck the hour, so to speak, and lived. Several of these occurred in the "Persæ," and contributed toward making its fortune. "'Tis Ares," he says in a line transmitted by Plutarch, "who is lord and master, and Greece is not afraid of gold," alluding to the apprehension of Persian bribery and despotism. In fact, we hear of this very piece being produced about two centuries later in Arcadia, and one of its phrases being applied with applause to Philopœmen. Two centuries is a very respectable life for a poem of this kind, and this longevity was due to some solid qualities independently of the music. Timotheus was an artist of ideas, of force, of boldness and cleverness, a finished and scientific metrician, a dexterous rhetorician; a poet with the divine spark he certainly was not. And indeed he himself makes no such claim. "I am a musician," he says in the closing lines (or *seal*, technically so-called), "and an innovator in my art, with my lyre of eleven notes. I am the successor of Terpander, as he was of Orpheus." This novel music, with its virtuosity, had already captivated Euripides, and had led him to compose monodies to be sung by trained vocalists, as well as pretty odes whose trills and runs are derided in the "Frogs." Tragedy was beginning to surrender to its handmaid, music. The "Persæ," then, was a libretto written for a score, a sort of oratorio accompanied by mimetic action. The music was the important and principal thing; the libretto was secondary. As libretto we may admit its merits—its dash and verve, its talent and cleverness, the varying fitness and perfection of the rhythm—probably, too, the suitability of the sonorous language to the music. As a poem, however, if we only think what Archilochus might have given us, "who knew how to make the dithyramb when thunder-smitten with wine," or what Simonides might have given us in a complete "Danaë," it reminds us that the mummy case is a tantalizing lottery. Or suppose that the papyrus had brought to light for the first time the "Enchantress" of Theocritus or the "Thyrsis," which bewitched the ear of Milton and inspired some of the cadences and turns of thought of "Lycidas," should we have doubted for an instant that these little waifs, not differing much in length from the fragment of the "Persæ," were true gems, and, in their own rank, things of beauty to be treasured forever?

From another point of view, we may resign ourselves with equanimity to the decrees of fortune which have buried almost

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completely this branch of literature. Chance, in this case, has not been so very blind. It has doubtless saved the scholar much labor, and the littérateur some vexation of spirit. This particular relic leaves hardly a word to be changed in previous estimates of Timotheus, and confirms the best verdict of antiquity as to the merits and vices of his school. As a specimen to fill an empty niche in the history of Greek literature, it is invaluable, especially when illuminated by the commentary of such an editor as Wilamowitz-Moellendorff.

This scholar points out (page 64) that the "Persæ" itself bears witness to two things, viz., that Timotheus was proud of his musical innovations, and that he also felt the need of defending them. Chief among these innovations, in the eye of the unskilled, was the addition of one, or, as another tradition has it, of four strings to the lyre, or the cithara. This conflict of traditions leads Wilamowitz to reject the well-known story of the Spartan police breaking from Timotheus's lyre the four added strings. He justly regards as more probable the other tradition, which tells of the gradual extension of the scale from seven to eleven strings, and even names those who successively added one to the number already in use. If we might venture on a conjecture which would reconcile the conflicting traditions, it would be that while Timotheus himself may have added only the eleventh string, he may have been the first who had ever dared to present himself at the *agon* of the Spartan *karneia* with an instrument of more strings than the seven of Terpander's lyre. When the Spartans accused him of bringing the older music into contempt, Timotheus's own defence was that he had not innovated as boldly as their revered Terpander. Orpheus first contrived the shell of many lays; Terpander yoked the muse to ten strings; Timotheus sings to a cithara of eleven. Our author very justly regards this as special pleading, based, not on historical fact, but on the presumed ignorance of his judges.

In this connection Wilamowitz lays it down as unquestionable that the three or four-stringed lyre was a mere speculation of the theoretical musicians and at no time a real thing. Few students of the history of music will accept this dictum, for an original seven-stringed lyre almost necessarily implies an original seven-note scale, whereas all musical history compels us to believe that every race of men has begun with an incomplete scale; and there are excellent *a-priori* reasons for holding that the first lyres must have had strings for the tonic, the dominant, and the sub-dominant, and if a fourth string, then either the octave or the sixth, but no more. If the Hellenes started at once with a complete diatonic scale, they differed quite incredibly from every other race of men; while if they delayed the adoption or the invention of the lyre until they could give it seven strings, they were far behind the rest of mankind. The fact that one of the Homeric hymns gives seven strings to Apollo's lyre merely proves that the lyre had that number when that hymn was written. If we were bound to take such expressions literally, we should also have to accept the synonymity of lyra and cithara, which the poets use interchangeably, while from more exact writers we learn that they differed in shape and also particularly in their difficulty—the cithara being beyond the capacity of any except professional players.

While Timotheus probably carried innovation much further than his predecessors, the real author of the sudden revolution in citharody was his immediate forerunner, Phrynis. As Aristotle ('Metaphysics,' I^b, 1) puts it, "If there had been no Phrynis, there would have been no Timotheus." To understand the true nature of this revolution, we should conceive the music of the nome to have been analogous to our traditional hymn tunes (such as "Dundee," "Germany," etc., etc.). These established nomes were used with new words without much regard to fitness, as is the case with our old hymn tunes. This custom was reformed by the innovators, who now wrote new music for new poems, whether their own or not, just as has happened with our church music, and with much the same result—that the new nome was no longer adapted to ordinary musical talents, but required highly trained artists for its performance.

While these changes were going on in citharody, a similar development affected the dithyramb, into which, though confined at first to the dactylic measure, the freer verses were gradually introduced. These appear in the choral songs of Bacchylides, which the grammarians have called dithyrambs and which our author distinguishes (p. 102) as "narrative dithyrambs." Of the ancient dithyramb like those of Xenocrates (or Xenocritos) we have no example; but in the narrative lyric we see, as to-day in Wagner's work, what would naturally follow when the musician was also a poet. The fetters of the traditional style were broken, and measures were used which would afford the utmost freedom to imitative musical composition. The nome, and side by side with it the dithyramb, departed from the ancient models until they came so near each other that, from a musical point of view, the difference between them was merely in the name.

Technically, the changes introduced by Phrynis and Timotheus consisted in substituting for the sober and statuesque simplicity of the traditional melodies a style overloaded with ornaments and technical difficulties, including a richer instrumental accompaniment, a greater variety of modulations, a striving after surprising effects and striking contrasts. Whether or not it be true, as Gevaert affirms, that during the Peloponnesian war (431-405) the dithyramb was altered, in sympathy with the new citharody, from a choral composition to a *bravura* solo suited to display the skill of a *virtuoso* performer, like the Theban Dionysius, who was music-teacher to Epaminondas, or Stratonicus of Athens somewhat later, there can be no doubt that the innovators in each of these nearly allied styles encouraged and stimulated those in the other. For some reason—perhaps that aggressiveness which we detect in more than one of his fragments—Timotheus seems to have been regarded as the chief among the revolutionary reformers of music, and to have been selected as such by Pherecrates as the special object of his invectives against the then "Music of the Future." If we call Phrynis, as Gevaert does, the Rossini of Greek music, we should perhaps be justified in naming Timotheus its Wagner; and, if there is any truth in the story of the encouragement and consolation offered to him by Euripides, his words would seem to imply that the tragic writer also regarded him as the standard-bearer of musical reform.

French Music in the XIXth Century. By Arthur Hervey. E. P. Dutton & Co.

It is a pleasure to come across a book so sane in its opinions, so free from bias, as Mr. Hervey's. He is not one of the pessimists who, having no sense of humor or knowledge of the history of criticism, forever parrot the opinion that all the great things in the world were achieved by men who are now dead. Nor has he any sympathy with those "sham aristarchs of taste" who recognize Brahms as "about the only modern composer." It was to writers of this class that Gluck referred when he spoke of "the pedants, doctors in taste, a species unfortunately too numerous, which in all periods has been a thousand times more pernicious to the progress of the fine arts than that of the ignoramuses." A venomous professional critic like Dr. Hanslick may be witty and entertaining, but an enthusiastic amateur like the late Sir George Grove does infinitely more good in the musical world. Music probably is, as Mr. Hervey remarks, the most disheartening of all the arts. For most musicians the struggle for recognition is extremely hard, and the period of popularity and fame very short. It is well, therefore, to seek for what is best in the living, and to dwell on and attempt to rescue what was best in the masters of the past. This is what Mr. Hervey has done in the present volume, and what helps to make it the best and most useful book on its subject.

Referring to the liberal subsidies granted by the French Government to the two opera houses in Paris, the author remarks: "The magnificent operatic harvest that has been gathered in Paris during the past century is eloquent of the good that accrues from State intervention, and speaks volumes in favor of Government subventions. It also points triumphantly to the great part taken by the French in the musical movement of the age." To be sure, not a few of the prominent names in the history of the Parisian opera are those of foreigners. But the very fact that Lulli, Gluck, Piccini, Cherubini. Spontini, Rossini, Meyerbeer, and Donizetti came to Paris to seek a home at the Grand Opéra bears witness to the wisdom of the French policy and the beneficent results of the French love of dramatic music. Even Wagner, at the beginning of his career, tried his fortune in Paris; but the time was not propitious for him. Grétry, whose opinions were considerably in advance of his music, had, indeed, predicted in his 'Mémoires' (1789) that "one day everything that is not strictly in accordance with the poem will be rejected by the educated public; singers who add vocal ornamentation to their parts will be sent from the theatre to the concert room; roulades will seem so absurd that they will be employed only to imitate the nightingale." Gluck had not only preached, but practised such principles; but his operas were forgotten in the delirium of the Rossini fever, caused by music that violated all these principles; and the Rossini fever had been followed in Paris by the infatuation over the music of Meyerbeer, which retained much of what was meretricious in Rossini.

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Mr. Hervey is not one of those who condemn Meyerbeer *in toto*. He makes no attempt to palliate his shortcomings, admitting that "there is something pathetic in the spectacle afforded by this richly-endowed man seeking to curry favor first with one, then with the other; fearing to impose his ideas on the public, timorous of the opinion expressed by the obscurest journalist, ready to be the humble servant of the vocalist, and to gratify the whims of any prima donna by supplying her with vocal acrobatics"; but he nevertheless holds that Meyerbeer was a great man, who is now considerably underrated; and he calls attention to a point which his detractors have not sufficiently taken into consideration. Being, as a dramatist, certainly superior to Rossini, he was "gradually initiating the public in the understanding of a better class of music." Had he been as uncompromising as Wagner, he would at that time have frightened the masses away; whereas by making concessions he attracted them, and helped to prepare them for the understanding of the music drama. From this point of view Meyerbeer might even be regarded as a martyr, who benefited the cause of dramatic music by partly sacrificing the honorable place he might have held in the history of opera.

In a similar conciliatory spirit Mr. Hervey writes of that other Prussian Jew, Offenbach, who became the idol of the Parisians before the days of anti-Semitism. Although it was his musical buffooneries that won fame and fortune, there was a serious side to Offenbach. In the days when he was a musical critic he severely condemned "mercantile music," praised Mozart and Weber, and championed Berlioz. Through his buffo operas, moreover—and this is the screaming paradox of musical history—he became the ally of Wagner! Both in their librettos and in their music the Offenbach operettas were burlesques on the operas of the period, and as, especially in Paris, nothing is so fatal as ridicule, Offenbach thus helped to clear away the débris and pave the way for Wagner. Nor were his merits merely of this negative sort. He was an original melodist, and he had a genuine vein of musical humor on which Mr. Hervey does not dwell sufficiently.

Of the fourteen chapters in this book the best four are those on Berlioz, Gounod, Bizet, and Saint-Saëns. In common with most writers on music Mr. Hervey teaches that Berlioz "inaugurated a new epoch in the art of instrumentation." This is giving him more honor than he deserves. His first great orchestral work appeared several years after Weber's "Freischütz" and "Euryanthe," and Schubert's Unfinished Symphony. In these three works, much more than in those of Berlioz, lie the germs of the orchestral splendors of Wagner, Liszt, Dvorák, and other great modern colorists. Berlioz needs no apostle; he is at present over rather than under-rated. Ideas, after all, are much more important than colors. Berlioz himself wrote that "sound and sonority rank below the musical idea"; and since our author agrees that Berlioz was not gifted with a rich vein of melody, his themes being often "poor and trivial," and that he did not "shine appreciably as a harmonist," he evidently should have denied him genius while allowing him talent, instead of the reverse; for musical genius consists chiefly in the power of originating new melodies and harmonies. The point in which Berlioz most resembled Wagner and other men of undoubted genius was in his audacity—his bold defiance of artificial rules and his determination to write as he saw fit. In his operas we miss even this audacity; they are conventional, and have never enjoyed any success.

In America, Gounod means "Faust" and "Romeo and Juliet." In France he means incomparably more. For a time his vogue and influence were almost as great as Mendelssohn's in England. At present there is a reaction, but the best of his work will live, and it will include much more than the two operas named. "Among all the composers of the nineteenth century," says Mr. Hervey, "probably not one has appealed so much to the heart of woman as Gounod"; and since women constitute nine-tenths of our musical audiences, it is not likely that they will forego the pleasure of hearing his sweet, emotional melodies. They should try to make propaganda for his sacred music in this country; and they would do well to read pages 127 to 129 of Mr. Hervey's book, where he calls attention to the fact that Gounod's genius is at its best in the prelude and first act of "Faust," to which most hearers pay little attention. Our author's remarks on Saint-Saëns also are to be highly commended to the attention of professionals and amateurs. Saint-Saëns is, as he points out, the only modern master who may justly claim to have achieved success in all the great branches of music. Not only has he reached a high level in the French specialty—operatic music—but "he is the first Frenchman who may be said to have successfully competed with German composers on their own ground, that is, in the domain of symphonic and chamber music." He is, at the same time, of all composers the most difficult to describe; and that makes him interesting to write about. Mr. Hervey devotes sixteen pages to him; and in his last chapters he brings the story of French music up to our day with Bruneau and Charpentier, who represent the Wagnerian phase of Gallic art. Optimist to the last, he declares that the musical situation in France has probably never been so promising as it is now.

Wordsworth. By Walter Raleigh, Author of 'Style,' etc. London: Edward Arnold. 1903.

Mr. Raleigh's 'Wordsworth' will not disappoint the reasonable expectation of those who read his 'Milton' a short time since. If the later book is the less satisfactory, it is because Wordsworth is a more difficult subject than Milton, and presents problems of a more subtle character. Mr. F. W. H. Myers's 'Wordsworth' was one of the best of the "English Men of Letters," and that one who remembers it can read Mr. Raleigh's book with keen delight and with no painful sense of difference and inferiority, is liberal praise. More exclusively critical than Mr. Myers, Mr. Raleigh is less biographical. To appreciate Wordsworth's poetry, he does not think it necessary to pay much attention to his life after the publication of "The Excursion." He had then thirty-six years more to live, but his work was done, save for a few fitful gleams. On the other hand, we are assured that we cannot profitably neglect those parts of Wordsworth's poetry published before "The Excursion" which are commonly least esteemed, and especially by those who think themselves the special guardians of his fame. We cannot, thinks Mr. Raleigh, attend too carefully to those theories of his art which meant so much to Wordsworth, and to the poems which illustrate those theories. "Are not his professions and his method worthy of the closest examination even where he seems to have failed?" We can understand a great poet as little as a great soldier without attending to his defeats. "Indeed, it is from the defeats that most may commonly be learned, for there the same genius and boldness that lead to victory are seen overreaching themselves, planning too ambitiously, trusting too superbly, until at the crisis and height they are broken by their own excess." With Wordsworth it is preëminently so. Mr. Raleigh is not the first to claim that the wisdom of Wordsworth's theories was justified by their children, but he claims this with a boldness and emphasis which few of the later critics of Wordsworth have approached. He does not deny the failures, but he insists that some of the most notable successes were distinctly illustrations of those principles upon which Wordsworth's detractors and admirers have flung themselves with equal rage.

If but little more than half of Wordsworth's lifetime signifies for the student of his poetry, the part that counts cannot be attended to with too patient care; hence Mr. Raleigh's chapters, "Childhood and Education" and "The French Revolution: Coleridge." "There was nothing Wordsworthian, so to say, about the boy Wordsworth," is a wide departure from Wordsworth's own persuasion that

> "The child is father of the man."

What availed for him was his "emotion recollected in tranquillity," his return upon his early life with nature after the failure of the hopes which rose upon him with the dawn of the French Revolution and set behind its storm-tost, blood-red clouds. He had to free himself not only from the hallucinations of that period of storm and stress, but from the imitative zeal of his earliest poetical production. It is an interesting and valuable criticism that here his emancipation never was complete; that in some of his more admired passages he is a pensioner upon the art of others, clothing his sentiments in the phrase and manner of Shakspere. If these passages were the best he had to offer us, Mr. Raleigh would feel his occupation gone. He quotes one of them from "The Affliction of Margaret," and compares its sonorous roll and pomp with another passage from the same poem of a purer and more wonderful beauty, in which Wordsworth's practice is a perfect illustration of his theory. Much more important than his early love of poetry was his early delight in natural scenes and sounds,

> "A feeling and a love
> That had no need of a remoter charm
> By thought supplied, or any interest
> Unborrowed from the eye."

This sensuous passion lasted until the fevers of the French Revolution supervened and drove it out. It never was renewed, but it fed the roots of Wordsworth's poetical mysticism until that, too,

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faded away into the common light of those conventional sentiments and opinions which were the pale illumination of his later years. It would, however, be a great mistake to suppose that his revolutionary ardors left no deep impression on his mind. They initiated him into mysteries of pain and darkness but for which his voice never could have vibrated with the intensity it often manifested. Henceforth there were for him *lachrymae rerum*: through all the gladness of the world there was a pathetic undertone of human misery which he must try to understand and to resolve into some deeper harmony.

The study of Wordsworth's relation to Coleridge abounds in interesting matter. It abates considerably from the praise commonly given to Coleridge's criticism of Wordsworth's doctrine of poetic diction, contending that, in so far as this doctrine broke down in practice, it was not because the speech of humble folk and ordinary life had not the value assigned to it by Wordsworth, but because the arrangement of words is quite as important as their meaning or their associations. But Wordsworth's poetic diction has a chapter to itself of extremely fresh and valuable appreciation. It is commonly argued that just in proportion as the poet failed to observe his own rules he wrote well, whereas Mr. Raleigh insists that he seldom obeyed his own rules, and that such poems as those describing Michael and Margaret, in which he most nearly observed his rules, are among the best he wrote. A comparison of Coleridge's "Ancient Mariner" with Wordsworth's "Peter Bell" carries the discussion to its highest point of interest. The two began "The Ancient Mariner" in collaboration, but their respective manners proved so radically different that the experiment broke down. "Peter Bell" is Wordsworth's "Ancient Mariner." His attempt to achieve an effect as profound as that of Coleridge's supernaturalism without supernatural means failed most lamentably, the unexplored associations of Peter's ass proving as fatal as those of the idiot-boy in the poem seldom named but with contempt. Nevertheless, we are assured, and this convincingly, that in these failures Wordsworth was knitting up his strength for such successes as were attained only a little further on.

A chapter called "Nature" and one called "Humanity" are the two most subtly reasoned of the seven which make up the sum of Mr. Raleigh's book. In the former he takes definite issue with Mr. John Morley, where that writer says, opposing Wordsworth, "No 'impulse from a vernal wood' can teach us anything at all of evil or of good." Mr. Raleigh contends that Nature was what she was to Wordsworth in virtue of no "pathetic fallacy," but because of his resolute determination to see her in her simplicity and reality, with a "wise passiveness." Nor did he blink the "red with ravin" side that Nature turns to the biologist, but "joy in widest commonalty spread" was the pervasive fact which no tragic circumstance could long obscure. The "Humanity" chapter successfully rebuts the notion that Wordsworth's interest in nature was fatal to his sympathy with human life. The next chapter, "Illumination," sometimes gives us momentary wonder whether it is of Wordsworth or of Emerson that we are reading. The whole doctrine of Wordsworth on the lessons of Nature is quoted in one noble passage. "If it is didactic, it teaches not by forced parallel, but by perceived identity." His moral reflections are never homiletic in their intention, but are the surprises of wonder and awe that come to him in the true mystic fashion, which is not to look *through* things, but *at* them till they speak. It does not seem possible that any one can read Mr. Raleigh's book and not feel with its author that, however signally and obviously Wordsworth failed in some particulars, "it is a good discipline to follow that intense and fervid spirit, as far as may be, to the heights that denied him access."

The Angevin Empire (A. D. 1154-1216). By Sir James H. Ramsay of Bamff, M.A. With maps and illustrations. The Macmillan Co. 1903.

M. Aulard, in writing the political history of the French Revolution, affirms that he has made no statement which cannot be justified by an appeal to original authorities. Sir James Ramsay might almost repeat this claim on behalf of his 'Foundations of England,' his 'Lancaster and York,' and his 'Angevin Empire.' The latest of his works is marked by the same qualities of diligence and thoughtfulness which have distinguished its predecessors, and follows the same methods. The military motive is again emphasized, and we observe once more a strong desire to determine particular facts; but, from the nature of the subject, the antiquarian element is less conspicuous in the 'Angevin Empire' than in the 'Foundations of England.' For the political, administrative, and military history of England during the reigns of Henry II. and his two sons, this volume is a learned and valuable compendium of facts. Of the three rulers whose acts are here traced, Henry II. must be styled the founder of the Angevin Empire and its chief representative, for Richard was no politician, and John, by the failure which attended his crimes, merited the title of "Lackland." Considered from the standpoint of the Angevin dynasty, Henry's reign is by far the most interesting of the three, and the political success of the father in everything save his domestic policy gives him clear precedence of his sons. Accordingly, in the present notice, we shall confine our comment to Sir James Ramsay's judgment of Henry II., especially as more than half the narrative is devoted to his reign.

The paradox of Henry's career is, that, while building up an empire, he should not have been actuated by an imperial policy. There can be no doubt concerning the degree of prestige which he enjoyed throughout the whole of western Europe. The Conqueror himself had not been so famous nor so courted. As Sir James Ramsay says:

"Henry's management of foreign affairs was undeniably successful. He held France in the hollow of his hand. He built up and kept together in a marvellous manner a Continental dominion in which the antipathies of Norman and Gaston, of Breton and Poitevin, as well as the instincts of Feudalism, had to be mastered and held down. These possessions were protected by friendly alliances with Germany, Maurienne, Arragon, and Castille. He established a footing in Ireland, and effectually asserted the supremacy of England over Wales and Scotland. With respect to the latter country, we must especially praise the tact with which Henry kept his hold on William the Lion without irritating the Scots by interference in their domestic affairs. All this was due to the moderation of his aims and his persistence in following them up."

But over against these triumphs must be set the pathetic humiliation of Henry's last days, and that spectacle of filial disobedience which, at the distance of more than a hundred years, impressed itself upon the imagination of Dante (*Inferno*, xxviii., 130-142). Not only did the Angevin Empire lack coherence, but its greatest ruler had no conception of perpetuating it, as can be seen from his scheme of heritage partition. Sir James Ramsay, while crediting Henry with cleverness, activity, and unusual diplomatic gifts, calls him "ignorant of human nature and of the world in which he lived." Otherwise, after crowning Henry, he could not have declared Richard heir to Aquitaine; and again, after the "young king's" death and Richard's designation to the crown, he could not have planned to make John the lord of Ireland. Feudalism and nationality both stood in the way of an Angevin Empire; but more fatal to it than either was the family policy of Henry II. With a dynastic position which in many ways anticipated that of Charles V., he pursued a different policy, for Charles desired Philip to be Emperor, while Henry had no sense of structural or even nominal unity.

Sir James Ramsay has selected a picturesque title, and one which can easily be justified by a reference to the Continental interests of Henry II. and his sons. As a matter of fact, however, this volume is a contribution to English history in a somewhat limited sense of the word. References to Continental affairs cannot fail to occur at frequent intervals, but English authorities have been followed very largely, and the rôle of the Angevins is considered with a view to its English rather than to its European associations. One of Sir James Ramsay's specialties is the Becket controversy, which he approaches with the design of showing what "Liberty of the Church" meant at a time when the words possessed real significance. His personal estimate of Becket is one that would have satisfied Froude rather than Freeman—to recall an historical *cause célèbre:*

"An undoubted martyr, but no true saint, he fought and fell in the cause of sacerdotalism pure and simple. The ascendency of the clergy in matters temporal was the ultimate end for which he strove. He would have subjected England to a virtual hierarchy, of all known forms of government perhaps the very worst. No sense of patriotism, no regard for the cause of the poor, for the advancement of education, or even of religion, except as resultant from clerical domination, can be traced in his words or acts. Fighting what might be supposed to be a spiritual cause, and with spiritual weapons, he conducted the struggle in a thoroughly secular spirit. With all his Biblical jargon, he fought as a politician and the leader of a political party; and such, but for his end, would have been the unanimous verdict of history."

Sir James Ramsay's account of the Angevin invasion of Ireland opens up an interesting question—the more so as he admits the authenticity of *Laudabiliter* in opposition to Mr. Round, and also to Professor Thatcher, whose study apparently he has not seen. The point is too involved and too technical for discussion here, but we certainly think that Sir James Ramsay

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advances no satisfactory grounds for the acceptance of this much-debated document. The only other matter upon which we shall touch is a general one. Sir James Ramsay, like other investigators, has found that the mediæval chroniclers are utterly mendacious in their exaggeration of numbers and amounts. Going a step further, he endeavors to set up a standard by the aid of which the statistics of twelfth and thirteenth-century annalists may be reduced to their proper dimensions.

"I have lost," he says, "no opportunity of testing these, wherever possible, by comparison with more authentic personal or Record evidence, the last being the only authority really trustworthy. The result is that I find that multiplication by ten might almost be called a normal rate of amplification. Whether dealing with the strength of an army or the produce of a tax, the student *prima facie* will do well to take one-tenth of any given number if he would arrive at a prudent estimate. In some cases that proportion would be found too large."

Here is another interesting sidelight on the Ages of Faith!

Studies in the Evolution of Industrial Society. By Richard T. Ely. The Macmillan Co. 1903.

The author of these essays, which appear as a volume in the "Citizen's Library of Economics, Politics, and Sociology," states it to be his conviction that "scientific work in the field of the humanities may generally be made interesting to intelligent citizens through cultivation of clearness in statement and literary style." He adds that it is his aim, as editor of this Library, to bring every volume up to the present standard of science, and that he hopes even to push forward the boundaries of knowledge. The statement of these aspirations, he thinks, will prove helpful to the reader, who is in some danger of going astray in that immense borderland where economics, ethics, biology, and sociology meet.

We concur in the view that scientific work may be made interesting in the manner proposed, but we can think of no definition of scientific work that would include such matter as is here collected. The book is largely compiled from miscellaneous writings and speeches, and furnishes little evidence either of "cultivation of clearness in statement and literary style," or of careful observation and sound reasoning. Very few of its conclusions, indeed, make any pretence of being logically deduced. They seem to the author to be established scientifically when they please the public, or are in harmony with his own predilections. The lessons of experience are frequently ignored altogether; sometimes they are grossly misstated. The dedication of the book is significant of its quality, being to Justice Holmes of the Supreme Court, "in appreciation of the enlightened philosophy so conspicuous in his opinions, which is laying a firm foundation for a superstructure of industrial liberty"!

In this enlightened spirit the author assures the intelligent citizen whom he addresses that "for a long time, in this country, under the influence of eighteenth-century philosophy, we were inclined to regard men as substantially equal," but that it is now plain "that this theory works disaster, and is indeed cruel to those who are in the lower stages, resulting in their exploitation and degradation." The bearing of this on our slaughter of the Filipinos is grimly humorous. Such doctrine is not rendered more palatable by the platitude that "processes of readjustment in human relationships always have brought suffering, and doubtless always will bring suffering, although the suffering may be greatly mitigated by a better will and a higher intelligence." The author is on surer ground when he informs us that where differences of wealth pass a certain point—of uncertain position—they operate as a social barrier. Those who contest this proposition may know that it has been recognized by philosophers from time immemorial. It is equally safe to assert that those who sympathize with the employing class read with approval newspapers which express their sympathies, while those who entertain the views of the working classes read with approval the diametrically opposite utterances of the labor press. "The effects of classes are both good and evil," we are told; those who would know more than this are assured that "it rests with us to see whether or not the forces of social union shall triumph over the forces of social disintegration." In the name of the Prophet—Figs!

As to the formidable question whether the vigor of a population may not be decreased by the modern provisions made for saving the lives of those who would have formerly perished of their weakness, the author explains that the apprehensions felt by Charles Darwin and Professor Marshall are unwarranted by the facts. "There has been a great deal of talk on this subject, but no strictly scientific work." Several "thoughts and observations" convince the author that the vigor of modern nations is increasing; but he admits that his views are not final. "What is here stated must be regarded as only suggestions, which, it is hoped, will be followed up by others, and upon which the writer will be glad himself to do further work, if leisure therefor can be found."

It is rather startling to read that "competitive price is uniform"; "where we have perfect competition working, we have one uniform price charged for the same article at the same time." Some account of the existence of such a state of prices, drawn from experience, would be of much interest. Much is said of the "cause of labor," by which is meant the claims of the participants in those monopolies known as trade unions. Nothing is said of the rights of those unfortunate laborers who are deprived of employment by trade-union policy; nor is there any reference to the system of piracy called the protective tariff. That scandalous piece of political jobbery, the Industrial Commission, is highly praised, especially because of the large number of "economists" who secured remunerative employment thereunder. According to our author, these persons were selected in response to the demand of public opinion. Other influences, it is well known, operate in the distribution of this form of political patronage; and there are worse cases than that of the Industrial Commission.

We are not surprised that the taxation of inheritances finds great favor with this author. His scheme, he complacently observes, will stand every test that can be applied to it. It is so perfectly in keeping with true democracy that the purer the democratic countries have become in which this reform has been tried, "the more they are inclined to move further along the same line. . . . It antagonizes no other line of progress, but helps forward every other true reform. . . . It lays a burden heavy to be borne on no one." As a matter of fact, this "reform," to take the State of New York as an example (the rate of taxation there, by the way, is incorrectly stated), has been attended with outrageous corruption, and is carried out by the odious practice of paying spies and informers. The burden is a very heavy one, as every lawyer knows who has to settle an estate; and few estates can be settled without the aid of a lawyer. A small estate is often mulcted in an amount equal to that received by the State. The process of settling the tax is frequently vexatious to the last degree, and it is speaking moderately to say that no other tax is so expensive in collection or so annoying to its victims. The tax "meets with approval" because politicians and demagogues think that it falls on the rich; but they ignore the forces which cause the diffusion of taxes, and the resort to informers proves that the incidence of the tax is unequal. To say that such a tax meets every test that can be applied to it shows the superficiality of Professor Ely's views. His intentions are doubtless benevolent; but the boundaries of our knowledge are not pushed forward by pouring a collection of platitudes and fallacies into a menstruum of sentimentality.

George H. Hepworth: Preacher, Journalist, Friend of the People. The story of his life, told by Susan Hayes Ward. E. P. Dutton & Co. 1903.

Mr. Hepworth could not have had a biographer more disposed to give a favorable account of him. If the note of personal loyalty obscures that of the judicial biographer, it does this so obviously that due allowance can be made. Mr. Hepworth was not a great man. He was not a fresh and original thinker, nor a powerful one; he was not an editor whose rank was with the first or second best; his stock in trade was a handsome face, a good voice, and a fund of good nature and good fellowship. There was nothing in his character or his achievement to justify an elaborate biography, and Miss Ward's must be regarded as a tribute of that private affection of whose fond exaggeration we are many of us beneficiaries to an appreciable degree.

Several aspects of Mr. Hepworth's life present a surprising if not contradictory appearance. He was apparently still-born (1833), yet grew up to be a "muscular Christian," rejoicing in his strength, which he cultivated by "deep breathing" and gymnastic exercises, while yet again his proud health proved unstable; for many years he was an heroic sufferer, and he died midway of his seventieth year. Entering the Unitarian ministry when he was but twenty-two, after a brief settlement in Nantucket he went to Boston, where he sided with the radical Unitarians, and on the death of Theodore Parker pronounced a generous eulogy upon him and administered a rebuke to Dr. Bellows for saying that Parker had not complied with the conditions of salvation. Two of his Boston ventures excited particular attention—one, the institution of theatre-preaching, a showy but futile enterprise; the other, a theological school

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corrective of the pretensions of "a learned ministry." The results discredited the method; and the Harvard Divinity School, after emulating for a time its bad example, adopted higher standards for entrance and graduation than had been insisted on before.

The Church of the Messiah in New York with a big debt and a small congregation, and suffering from an overdose of "scholarship," resolving on the opposite extreme, called Mr. Hepworth, who by this time (1869) had so far abjured his theological radicalism that he engaged with heart and hope in an attempt to foist a creed upon the Unitarian Association. For her account of this business Miss Ward has gone to Dr. A. P. Putnam, Mr. Hepworth's principal coadjutor. They thought they had secured Dr. Bellows for their great ally, but in the moment of their anticipated triumph he turned and rent their project in a fatal manner. Dr. Putnam thinks he was captured by the young radicals, but Dr. Hedge's influence is a likelier explanation. Dr. Putnam seems to have forgotten that Dr. Hedge's heavy guns did quite as much as Dr. Bellows's Rupert charge to ruin the reactionary line of battle. What Mr. Hepworth had failed to do in the Unitarian Association he attempted the next year in the National Unitarian Conference, and his persistency was rewarded by some measure of success. But it was far short of the lengthened dogmatism of the creed drawn out in eight elaborate articles to which he aspired. The next step was one of the surprising contradictions. In default of a more definite Unitarian creed, he resorted to one definitely orthodox. He would gladly have made over his church into his own likeness, but there were difficulties in the way, and a painful situation was developed. In the excited Unitarian imagination Mr. Hepworth was hardly to be distinguished from "the man who stole a meeting-house." Finally, he joined the Congregationalists, and in 1872 the Church of the Disciples was built for him—a huge monstrosity of corrugated iron, its "squatty dimensions" affording an outward and visible sign of a mortgage of $200,000 on the property. To lift this might have been possible had not the crash of 1873 supervened. In 1876 the building was sold at auction and bought back by the trustees for a fraction of its orginal cost—a transaction in which the children of this world were not wiser in their generation than the children of light. Even when Mr. Russell Sage had cleared the church of debt, Mr. Hepworth found the burden of its pecuniary anxieties greater than he could bear, and he resigned his charge in 1879.

He had already become a writer for the New York *Herald*, and for the remainder of his life the best part of his energy flowed into the columns of that paper, yet never in a manner that was significant of detachment from his original calling. The "play impulse" was strong in him, but he liked work better than play, preaching better than yachting; and for some years he did regular preaching in Newark in connection with editorial work on the *Herald*. When in 1885 he was made superintending editor of the *Herald*, his formal connection with the Newark church ceased, but not his preaching then or ever. Besides, the *Herald* afforded him a pulpit from which he addressed a congregation larger by many thousands than that which he had gathered in the Church of the Disciples. Mr. Bennett of the *Herald* had other affinities with him than those of the yachtsman; he liked his preaching, and proposed to him a series of editorial sermons. These delighted a great multitude of readers. They avoided controversy, they pleaded for "the unity of the spirit," they went far to identify religion with the moral life. On similar lines Mr. Hepworth wrote a number of small books which were particularly acceptable to that large body of people who like to have the mysteries of a future life treated with happy confidence, and Mr. Hepworth wrote of them as knowingly as of Ireland and Armenia after his visits to those countries. He died June 7, 1902, and his body, which he had always respected, was cremated in accordance with his wishes and commands.

The Mental Traits of Sex. An Experimental Investigation of the Normal Mind of Men and Women. By Helen Bradford Thompson. The University of Chicago Press. 1903.

The comparative psychology of men and women has been one of the last things seriously to interest mankind. A few questionable generalities about the minor distinctions of sex, an occasional newspaper paragraph on the relative sensibility of the sexes, sufficed for the curiosity of the lay public, always rather impatient of such comparisons; men of science, until lately, left psychology to the Philosophers, who are seldom minute. Mathematics and, one by one, the rest of the sciences long since shook off the guiding hand of philosophy; psychology is the baby among them, now sharply reminded that she is precocious, now warned that she must walk alone. With much energy and still more uncertainty of result, she does now, in fact, walk alone. In all reputable colleges psychology now has a separate chair. Ten years ago Mr. Havelock Ellis, in his 'Man and Woman,' drew up a very clear and popular summary of the results of modern study of sexual differences, ranging over the whole field of those differences as they are displayed by the human being from birth to death. Some of the conclusions which he quoted have achieved a popular success—that woman is centripetal, her motions tending inward from right to left, as man is centrifugal, with his motions outward from left to right; that Tennyson went far when he denied that woman is undeveloped man, but not far enough—the truth being that man is undeveloped woman, since woman approximates more closely to the infantile type, which is higher in the line of evolution than the adult type. This interesting generalization is supported by the marked effeminization of highly civilized man. But, after all, valuable as it is, Mr. Havelock Ellis's report left the reader with a conviction of the profound inconclusiveness of all the evidence that may be fairly called subjective, and the conflicting character of the rest. Even on the objective question of the relative weight of the brain, the statistics conflict. All agree that a man's brain weighs more than a woman's, but only absolutely; relatively it is lighter; which raises the question, relatively to what? To difference of weight or difference of measurement? The point is still debated. But it is not till we reach the field of such experiments as Miss Thompson's that we appreciate how elusive is the subjective, and how completely we are at the mercy of shifting statistics. Lombroso in Italy finds the sense of touch more obtuse in women; Jastrow at Wisconsin University finds the same sense more obtuse in men. Who shall calculate and allow for all that differentiates the Italian woman of the middle and lower classes from the American girl who goes to a co-educational college? Those who range over a different manor cannot expect to put up the same game.

Miss Thompson's little volume of 188 pages is a report of careful experimental work in a narrow field. The subjects of her experiments were twenty-five men and twenty-five women chosen from the undergraduates and younger graduate students of Chicago University. Colleges and prisons are the favorite experimenting-ground of psychology. But it must be admitted that at present the college woman is not exactly comparable with the college man. She is usually the cleverest girl of her family, urged by ambition or poverty or incompatibility of temper to leave her home; he goes to college as a matter of course, whether for the training or the athletics or the social prestige. Time will adjust this difference and color Miss Thompson's results with anachronism. The number of her subjects is fatally small; another set of fifty students even drawn from the same university might reverse all her results.

Miss Thompson's experiments covered the various senses, motor ability, intellectual processes, and affective processes. Her tests of taste by a series of solutions went to prove that men have a keener discrimination for strong tastes in all cases, except for salt; this fact has no doubt secured to men the profession of wine and tea-tasting. Miss Thompson does not seem to have taken into account that her men subjects probably smoked while the women almost certainly did not. It is hard to believe that persistent smoking does not lessen the keenness of perception for the weaker solutions. The method employed in this test was that of Messrs. Nichols and Bailey, who reached a conclusion precisely opposite. Miss Thompson's results, however, fall into line with those of Ottolenghi. One of the Chicago men could not distinguish sour, another did not know sweet from bitter; these cases could scarcely be called normal, and for so small a number they would destroy the value of an average. In the test of smell, also by solutions, the women had lower thresholds—*i. e.*, were slightly more sensitive to the weaker solution—while for strong odors, as for strong tastes, the men were more discriminating. The popular way of stating this would be that a woman detects a faint smell more easily, while men more readily find a strong scent too strong. But the evidence from other experiments on smell is, so far, conflicting. The same is true of hearing. Jastrow, Galton, and Lombroso found the hearing of women more acute; Miss Thompson's experiment revealed a slight superiority of women in pitch discrimination. No conclusive test has as yet been made; probably the masculine monopoly of piano-tuning is, *en attendant*, fairly significant to the lay mind.

Like nearly all investigators, Miss

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Thompson found that women have the better memory, while men have far greater ingenuity. The competition in general questions showed that women were ahead in mathematics, biology, and English literature, equal with the men in chemistry, inferior in history and physics. This is obviously a test that, in the case of only fifty students, has no value at all for sex-discrimination. All the authorities agree on the greater motor ability of men. In factories the manufacture of the best cigars and cigarettes—a good test of deftness and speed—is never intrusted to women. In card-sorting the women were more rapid, but here color-blindness, so frequent in men, comes into play. The discovery that, among fifty students, the women devote less time than men to study, or that women for their recreation prefer the opera while men prefer outdoor sports, is again wholly without significance.

Miss Thompson's tests were made with great care, and probably reached a high pitch of accuracy. While some of them seem to be valueless, it is, at any rate, certain that if definite conclusions on any or all of these questions are to be reached, it must be from an enormous amount of cumulative evidence, based on such tests as these. Her work is in this sense a contribution. Its value for statistics lies partly in the fact that she was not, like some psychologists, content with averages; the numerous diagrams in the volume are of curves which show at a glance the abnormal man or woman whose presence in a group of twenty-five would have stultified an average. Miss Thompson betrays no bias. Her general conclusion is that psychological differences of sex are largely due

"not to difference of average capacity, nor to difference in type of mental activity, but to differences in the social influences brought to bear on the developing individual from early infancy to adult years. . . . If it were really a fundamental difference of instincts and characteristics which determined the difference of training to which the sexes are subjected, it would not be necessary to spend so much effort in making boys and girls follow the lines of conduct proper to their sex" (p. 181).

Generally speaking, Miss Thompson's work and her summary of results obtained by others tend to show that the clear distinctions of such writers as Lombroso are being gradually superseded. Lombroso, confronted with the athletic American girl of to-day, might well have been more tentative. One of the compensations for women to which Mr. Ellis drew attention was the fact that if the male is, as Lombroso asserts, everywhere and in all respects more variable than the female, that same variability gives us the preponderance of male idiots no less than of male geniuses. Karl Pearson has vigorously attacked this theory on the ground that the sex which produced the greatest abnormalities of genius and idiocy would not necessarily produce the widest normal variations. In any case, it seems to be the pretty general opinion that it will be safer for women not to "lose the childlike in the larger mind." Meanwhile, the fluctuations of sexual psychology rival the fluctuations of the Homeric question.

R. F. and H. L. Doherty on Lawn Tennis. New York: The Baker & Taylor Co. 1903.

In a chapter of this book comparing lawn tennis with other games, Mr. Eustace Miles makes the strong statement that, with this precious volume in their possession, "there is now no reason why beginners and others should continue in error." We have never believed it possible to learn any game by precept alone, but certainly any young player who will read this book carefully and try to adopt, in his daily practice, the principles laid down by the Messrs. Doherty, can hardly fail to improve. The authors have just added the American championships to a long list of similar honors, and are undoubtedly the best living exemplars of this excellent game; and in their preface they declare that they have kept back nothing, but have given all their secrets to the world. The most important of their injunctions, and one that is repeatedly insisted on, is the necessity of keeping the eye on the ball, instead of yielding for an instant to the temptation to see what the opponent is doing on the other side of the net. This is quite as important as the analogous necessity in the game of golf. Then comes the overhead or smash stroke, the accurate execution of which is the sure indication of a fine player; and lastly—and perhaps most important of all—the young player is advised to cultivate a moderate first service which will practically always land in the court, rather than a severe one which will generally be a fault.

The writers appreciate the difficulties of what is known as the American service, but they have shown in recent games that these difficulties can be successfully overcome. Of the leading American players they have a high opinion, and consider that when they fail their failure is due to lack of steadiness, to the effort to achieve severity rather than certainty, and to their weakness in executing the low volley. Presumably this judgment was in print prior to the Newport tournament, and its correctness was signally demonstrated by that event.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

A History of Johnny Quae Genus. New edition. D. Appleton & Co. $1.50.
Ashley, W. J. The Adjustment of Wages. Longmans, Green & Co.
Bain, Alexander. Dissertations on Leading Philosophical Topics. Longmans, Green & Co. $2.50 net.
Belloc, Hilaire. The Aftermath. E. P. Dutton & Co. $1.50.
Bignell, Effie. Mr. Chupes and Miss Jenny. The Baker & Taylor Co.
Boniface, John J. The Cavalry Horse and his Pack. Kansas City, Mo.: The Hudson-Kimberly Publishing Co.
Boone, Henry B. The Career Triumphant. D. Appleton & Co. $1.50.
Cain, Neville. The Fairies' Circus. R. H. Russell.
Corwin, Edward T. A Manual of the Reformed Church in America. Board of Publication of the Reformed Church in America. $3 net.
Dallas, Richard. A Master Hand. Putnams. $1.00 net.
Darling, Mr. Justice. Scintillæ Juris. London: Stevens & Haynes.
Dodge, Charles W. General Zoölogy. American Book Co.
Dunlap, John R. Jeffersonian Democracy. The Jeffersonian Society.
Fahie, J. J. Galileo. James Pott & Co. $5.00.
Flick, Lawrence F. Consumption a Curable and Preventable Disease. Philadelphia: David McKay. $1.00.
Foa, Eugénie. Le Petit Robinson de Paris. American Book Co.
Forrest, G. W. Cities of India. E. P. Dutton & Co. $3.50 net.
Fowler, Ellen T. Place and Power. D. Appleton & Co. $1.50.
Fox, John, jr. The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come. Scribners. $1.50.
Froissart, Jean. Chronicle, Vol. VI. Translated by Lord Berners. (The Tudor Translations.) London: David Nutt.
Gottschalck, Oscar von. Innocent Industries. R. H. Russell. $1.25.
Hammond, J. L. Le B. Charles James Fox. London: Methuen & Co.; New York: James Pott & Co. $2.00 net.
Hart, Albert B. Actual Government. (American Citizen Series.) Longmans, Green & Co.
Heyse, Paul. Mary of Magdala. Translated by William Winter. The Macmillan Co.
Hobson, Anne. In Old Alabama. Doubleday, Page & Co. $1.50.
Horne, Olive B., and Scobey, Kathrine L. Stories of Great Artists. American Book Co.
Jackson, Gabrielle E. Little Comrade. J. F. Taylor & Co. 75c. net.
Kipling, Rudyard. The Light that Failed. New edition, stage illustrations. Doubleday, Page & Co.
Laing, Gordon J. Masterpieces of Latin Literature. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.
McCutcheon, George B. The Sherrods. Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.50.
Miller, D. R. The Criminal Classes. Dayton, O.: United Brethren Publishing House. $1 net.
Norris, Frank. A Deal in Wheat. Doubleday, Page & Co. $1.50.
Paine, Albert B. The Wanderings of Joe and Little Em. Philadelphia: Henry Altemus Co.
Palmer, Frederick. The Vagabond. Scribners. $1.50.
Partsch, Joseph. Central Europe. (Appleton's World Series.) D. Appleton & Co.
Rice, Clarence E. Illustrations for Sermons. Putnams. $1.00 net.
Special Summer Number of the International Studio. J. S. Cotman, by Laurence Binyan. David Cox, by A. L. Baldry. Peter De Wint, by Walter Shaw Sparrow. John Lane. $2.00 net.
Stanwood, Edward. American Tariff Controversies in the Nineteenth Century. Vol. I. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.
Stiles, Robert. Four Years under Marse Robert. Washington, D. C.: The Neale Publishing Co. $2.00.
Sunday Reading for the Young, 1904. Thomas Nelson & Sons.
Taylor, Joseph R. The Overture. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.
Thacher, John B. Christopher Columbus, Vol. II. Putnams.
Thompson, R. C. The Devils and Evil Spirits of Babylonia. Vol. I. London: Luzac & Co. 16s. net.
Webster, W. F. Elementary Composition. (Webster-Cooley Language Series.) Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.
Wiggin, Kate D. Half-a-Dozen Housekeepers. Philadelphia: Henry Altemus Co.
Willis, Frederick M. The City of Is, and Other Poems. San Francisco: Mercury Press. $1.
Winter, Louise. Hearts Aflame. The Smart Set Publishing Co. $1.50.
Zimmern, Alice. Greek History for Young Readers. Longmans, Green & Co. $1.

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